THE SIEGE OF MENTZ. OR, THE German Heroin, A NOVEL.

LONDON:

Printed for *Sam. Briscoe*, over against *Will's* Coffee-House, in *Russel-Street*, *Covent-Garden*, 1692.

To the ever Honoured, *Adam Felton*, Knight Barronet.

SIR,

I *Had no ſooner dreſs'd this* German Heroine, *in an* Engliſh *Habit, and taught her our Dialect, but that my high Obligations to you, brought you freſh into my Memory, with all the requiſite Accompliſhments, for the Protection of ſo brave a Stranger, againſt the moſt ſevere Inſults, that Malice, and Envy, could produce; in which choice, Sir, I have been further encouraged by that ſingular Affability and Bounty, which renders you the Delights (of the moſt ingenious) of both Sexes. And tho I was ſomewhat aſhamed to pre-*

fix your Name to ſo mean a Subject, as theſe Reſults of ſome hours of my leiſure; yet, I thought it much better, to take this opportunity, to write your Panegyrick, having ſo large a Field, as your Merits to exerciſe in, then to appear wholly inſenſible of your generous Favours, till ſomething more ſutable to your noble Genius ſhould offer it ſelf. But then, reflecting on your Avertion, to all Encomiums (tho never ſo juſtly due) obliges me to lay aſide all other thoughts, than of craving your favourable Acceptance of this triſle, and of ſubſcribing my ſelf,

Sir,

Your moſt Humble Servant,

P. B.

THE

THE SIEGE OF MENTZ.

A NOVEL.

THERE is so great a disparity betwixt *Mars* and the God of Love, that one would imagine where the first did appear, the last should not presume to shew his head: The one is all fierceness, Valour and Undauntedness, which scorns all Advantages, but what are gained by Bravery and Courage: And the other is of so soft and delicate a Frame, that it

uſes nothing but Policy and Stratagems to bring about its Amorous Intrigues and Deſigns. Yet, notwithſtanding this vaſt difference, *Mars* is ſeldom ſeen to take the Field, but that Love is perceived to follow in the Rear, not without hopes of obtaining as conſiderable Conqueſts there, as the other can hope for in the firſt ranks of Honour. We are not without divers examples of this kind; but this which I here preſent to the publick, is of ſo modern a date, and ſo remarkable in our days, that I thought I ſhould not a little oblige the World in giving it this Piece of Gallantry, in which one of our own Nation, was one of the principal Heroes, both as to War and Love.

We will diſguiſe him under the Name of *Peregrine*, of a conſiderable Family in the *North* of *England*, though a younger Brother, who being come to *London*, (that famous place for framing of Youth to Virtue, as well as to Vice,) there he fell in Company with ſome Officers of the Confederates, who had left their *German* Winter-Quarters, to ſpend ſome days in ſeeing the *Engliſh*-Court.

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His natural tendency to Arms put him on the deſign of ſeeing a Campaigne, or two; and though he had ſome thoughts at firſt, to make his firſt Eſſay in *Flanders*, yet the Friendſhip which he contracted with theſe *German* Officers, made him to proffer to accompany them back, to ſerve with them in quality of Voluntier in the Army of the Allies, in hopes they would continue their Friendſhip towards him. They readily imbrac'd his offers, with aſſurances of not only their Services out of their Friendſhip; alſo, eſpecially Count *Zinzendorf*, who had a conſiderable Poſt, took him into particular Protection, aſſuring him, That he would write to him, and ſend him word where he ſhould find him at the opening of the Campaigne.

Peregrine having laid ſo good a Foundation, to build his war-like Reſolution upon, thinks of no more but getting, againſt the Seaſon, ſuch an Equipage as might ſute with his Deſigns, and the quality of thoſe that honoured him with their Friendſhip; wherefore ſo ſoon as theſe *German* Gentlemen had ſatisfied their Curioſities, in all that was remarkable in this great City, and the adjacent

places to it, (in which *Peregrine* did assist them, not only with all his Interest, but that of his Friends also,) they took leave of him, and imbarked for *Holland*, in order to their return in their own Country.

Now is *Peregrine* busied to the utmost, to get himself provided with Horses, Servants, Monies, and other necessaries, to appear like a Gentleman, being resolved to signalize himself by some brave action to render himself worthy of the honour of these brave Strangers, who had so freely taken him into their Friendship.

Peregrine had left in the Country, a young Gentlewoman, who was deeply in love with him; but his Mind having been for a considerable time, before he could perceive her affections, possest with the desires of Travelling, he had avoided, as much as he could, her Company, for fear of being diverted by her from his beloved design. This Gentlewoman hearing of *Peregrine*'s suddain leaving of *England*, writ to him a Letter, which was extraordinary full of Passion, which he received the day before his departure; the contents of which I shall have occa-

sion

ſion to deliver, in the Thread of this following Diſcourſe.

There is nothing like a willing mind to diſpatch Buſineſs; his deſires were ſo great, that in a ſhort time he had got ready an Equipage ſuitable to his worth; with which, after having taken leave of his particular Friends, in the Month of *March* he ſet forward for *Harwich*, where having found the Pacquet-Boat ready for ſail, he went in it for *Holland*, where he ſafely arrived the third day after.

Netherlands, [illegible] where nothing happened to him [illegible] able, 'till he was got within a day's [illegible] ney of the City of *Mentz*, which was then in the poſſeſſion of the *French*, who put all the Country thereabouts under Contribution, & took up ſuch conſiderable Hoſtages as they could find, for ſecurity, which they carried with them into that place, threatning them with Death if the Contributions were not duly brought in.

There had fallen ſuch a vaſt quantity of Rain, during a whole day and night, that all the Roads were covered with Waters, and the ſmall Rivers ſwollen in-

to Torrents: He was to paſs on through a Ford that was at a ſmall diſtance from an ancient Caſtle, by whoſe Walls the River run, taring up, and hurrying along with its Streams, Trees, and pieces of Rocks.

There was a Lady on the other ſide of the River, who leaning over ſome Rails on the Banks, beholding the ſtrange confuſion which this medly of things made; *Peregrine* having made an halt, while he had ſent one of his Men for a Guide, he, mean time, had leaſure to conſider that Perſon, who with her ſumptuous Dreſs, and delicate Beauty, had fix'd his Eyes in admiration of her; when on the ſuddain, the Earth ſhe ſtood upon, gave way, and ſhe, with the Rails, fell headlong into the Torrent; ſhe gave a moſt vehement out-cry, which was ſeconded by *Peregrine*, and his Servants. He Pretently ſet Spurs to his Horſe, and having gon beyond where ſhe was floting on the Currant, being buoy'd up by her Cloths, and the rapidneſs of the Stream, he plung'd into the River, and with much ado, got hold of her; but finding his Horſe might hurt her, while he dragg'd her along, he quitted him, not without re-

receiving a hurt in the Leg, which made it the more difficult for him to reach the ſhore, with his drowning Prize: At laſt he got hold of ſome Roots of Trees, by which he hung, 'till he had recovered Breath, holding the Lady's Head, as much as poſſible he could, above Water, 'till his Man reaching ſome Branches to him, which they had haſtily lopp'd off of Trees; he got hold of them, and was pulled to ſhoar, with the Lady: She laid for dead, on the Graſs; and he with ſmall ſigns of life.

By this time, the out-crys that had been made at the Lady's fall in the Water, had brought ſome of the Servants of the Caſtle to the Rivers ſide, where having beheld the ſad Spectacle, they renewed the out-crys; but above all, *Mariana*, *Clarinda*'s Kinſwoman, tranſported beyond her ſelf, at the ſight of her dead Friend, did fling her ſelf violently upon her Body, making the greateſt Lamentations imaginable; at the ſhock of theſe two Bodies, *Clarinda* coming a little to her ſelf, open'd her Eyes, and fetching a ſhort ſigh, gave viſible ſigns that there was ſome Life in her. *Peregrine*, who was come to himſelf a little before,

began to give advice, (in *French*, for he could not speak one word of *German*, though his Groom could) That the Lady should instantly be carried into her Chamber, and there laid with her head downwards, to let out of her Stomach as much Water as they could: This Language being understood by her who was come to them, it was presently done, with the assistance of two of *Peregrine's* Servants, who told them all the circumstances of that sad accident.

Clarinda, by these, and other means

[illegible] the well-nurtured how she had fallen into the River, but was wholly ignorant of all that had happened to her after. *Mariana* took upon her to satisfie her dear Friend in that point, as well as she could, with the relation she had received from *Peregrine's* Groom. And what is become of my Deliverer? said *Clarinda*. Is he alive? We left him, replyed *Mariana*, sitting on the Bank over the River. An ill place, answered *Clarinda*, for a Person that has taken so much pains to save my Life, with so great an hazard of his own: Go, continued she,

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let him be invited in, and provide a Chamber, and all things necessary for his reception: Let me not appear ungrateful to a Person so deserving my care, the rather to, because he is a Stranger, who has done these great things for me. This said, was soon obey'd, she being absolute Mistress in that Castle, by her Father's detention, her Brother's absence in the Wars of *Hungary*, and the Death of her Mother; 'tis true, there was an old Aunt liv'd with her, but so antiquated, that she was rather a burthen, than an aid. *Peregrine* was presently laid in a good warm Bed, in a decent Apartment; great excuses made for having defered so long the performance of those things, so justly due to his Merits, laying the whole fault on the care they had taken of their young Mistress's recovery. Then inquiry was made how he felt his Leg; He told them, that he found he should want the use of some expert Chyrurgeon, because he felt the pain to increase, and to spread it self upwards: there was presently a Chyrurgeon sent for; as also a Physician to look to *Clarinda*'s, as well as to *Peregrine*'s Health; they were both blooded, to prevent Fevers; and with the use of

ſome ſlight Remedies, *Clarinda* was in a ſhort time perfectly recovered; but it was not ſo with *Peregrine*; for what with having his Contuſion ſo long bathed in cold Water, at a Seaſon when the Air was ſomething ſharp, there was ſome apprehenſion of a Gangrene, which ſhew'd it ſelf by the lividity, and inſenſibility of the part. So ſoon as *Clarinda* underſtood the danger, ſhe doubled her diligence in attending him: She was no longer contented to let him have all that the Caſtle and Neighbourhood could afford of comfort and refreſhment, but ſhe thought her ſelf oblig'd to adminiſter them her ſelf: while *Peregrine* dy'd for Love of *Clarinda*, and ſlighted his own illneſs.

It is an old ſaying, *That Love will creep where it cannot go*; and it is as true as ancient. At firſt *Clarinda* did all theſe pieces of ſervice to her Deliverer, as incumbent Duties on thoſe Obligations ſhe was ingag'd to him for her Life. But little, by little, ſhe found that there was ſome other motive, though ſhe knew not what, that led her on; ſhe was more concern'd, and more inquiſitive after *Peregrine*'s well-fare, every day, though he daily increaſed in health: She would frequently

quently find her ſelf in his Room, yet forget how ſhe came there, and for what purpoſe; which would ſometimes ſo diſcompoſe her, that *Peregrine* could not but obſerve it, and ſhe perceiving his taking notice of it, that would put her in the greater diſorder. Once, amongſt the reſt, *Clarinda* having entred his Chamber, with a preſerving Pan, with young Chickens in it, did not know that ſhe had miſtaken his Room for hers, 'till *Peregrine* ask'd her aloud, Whether ſhe had brought him a Pan full of Caudle for his Brakefaſt? That indeed put her into ſuch a confuſion, that not having ready excuſe, ſhe ſpeedily went out of the Chamber again, without replying one word: whereupon *Peregrine* offered to riſe, and run after her, but found he had attempted beyond the power of his Leg: I cannot follow you Madam, cry'd he, but it ſhall be for the next time. When ſhe was got to her own Chamber, ſhe began to conſider her condition, and how inſenſibly Love had drawn her into his Net, was very much troubled at it, but much more, that ſhe had given *Peregrine* ſo great an inſight into the affairs of her Heart: She endeavoured to frame ſome ex-

excuſes a thouſand ways, but all to no purpoſe; ſhe could not find any thing in the whole Magazine of her Wit, that could attone for that Error, becauſe ſhe knew that *Peregrine* had taken particular notice of it, and that her ſuddain, and ſilent retreat, had confirmed him but too much of her miſtake. In this great perplexity ſhe abſtain'd from viſiting him all that day; and when it began to grow duskish, in hopes to conceal the diſorders ſhe ſhould be in, at the ſight of him, ſhe adventured into his Chamber, not being able to abſtain any longer from the ſight of a Perſon who had made a greater progreſs in her Heart, than ſhe expected. I come, Sir, ſaid ſhe, not to make an Apology for entring your Chamber this Morning, but for my obrupt return, without ſhewing you thoſe pretty little Creatures I had in my Pan, and not ſo much as making any excuſe for my rudeneſs: I had forgot to ſay ſomething of moment to that Perſon who had preſented me with them. Madam, reply'd *Peregrine*, who had a mind to reclaim her, It would be a great rudeneſs in me to controul your Actions; all that I have to ſay, I am ſorry that you had any occaſion

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oblig'd you to so sudden a return, to deprive me of your most charming Conversation; I have passed this tedious long day like an Hermit in my self, or rather like a condemn'd Person, after the hopes of a Reprieve. Upon the fear, I have been in all this day, of having given you some distaste. Sir, you might, or you might not, she replied, according as you may censure my Actions. I am all respect, Madam, said he, and if I had any thought in me otherwise, I should soon destroy them, as Rebels to my Heart. There she interrupted him, saying; Take heed, Sir, what you advance, for should it at any time, be contradicted, by Words or Actions, that would be sufficient to debase you in my good Opinion. These Words check the brisk thoughts which *Clarinda's* late Action, had raised in his mind, fearing that it was his offer to go after her in the morning, that had deprived him of her presence all that day; so that he presently turned the design he had made to rally her, into a profound respect. And silence, which gave opportunity to *Clarinda*, thus to continue; I know that you Men, are but too apt to flatter your selves

and to construe the least of our inconsiderate Actions, to your best Advantages, though they were intended quite contrary. There he interrupted her, saying, when I look on all these Accomplishments of body and mind, which spake you the most admirable Creature in the World, or that I turn back my Eyes on my own Unworthiness: How is it possible for me, Madam, to do more, than admire; and with trembling, frame answers to your demands, for fear of breaking that respect that is due to you from the whole World? Nay, Sir, she said, then I can take notice of what I owe you, which I must acknowledge to be great, being oblig'd to you for no less than my Life, with the addition of the great hazard you put yours in, in that worthy Action; and I am not so destitute of Gratitude, as not to own that I have nothing to present you with, proportionable to so signal a piece of Service; but when all is done, I can but offer you those small means that I have at present at my own disposal, being yet under the Tuition of a Father, and a Brother, both unfortunately absent now that I want them here, to add their Acknowledgments, where mine are deficient. Oh!

Madam,

Madam, What have you named? Or rather, what have you endeavoured to conceal? Answered he, Are not you Mistress of the richest Jewel upon Earth? And can all the Fathers, Mothers, or brothers, in the World, dispose of the Treasure of your Heart? That, Madam, is certainly at your own disposal. That, Sir, replied *Clarinda*, what price so ever you are pleased to set upon it, is not of so much value in my esteem; though, I must confess, I should be unwilling, on the other hand, to cast it away; especially, —— she was going on, when she was interrupted with the entring of a Gentleman of the Neighbour-hood, who had the consent of her Father to Court her for a Wife, whom I shall call Count *Mansfield*. Madam, said he, at the first news of your late disaster, I come to offer you my most humble Service, even with the hazard of my Life. Sir, answered *Clarinda*, I have no Enemy to fight, to take you for my Second, except you would call the two Elements of Earth and Water to an account, for having together conspired against my Life. But here's a Gentleman, continued she, presenting him to *Peregrine*, who has done

done that already, and rescued me from both their furies, to the hazard of his Life; at this the Count and *Peregrine* saluting one another, the first said, I envy your Happiness, Sir, in having been thought, by Fate, a worthy Instrument in the Preservation of this Lady; I might have challenged a Prerogative in that, even by the consent of those that may claim an Authority over her; but Fortune is blind, Sir, you know, and—— I can not call her blind, Sir, upon these fortunate Occasions, said *Clarinda*, seeing that when I was destitute of all other helps, from Friends, she called this worthy Stranger to my rescue. Madam, then, said *Peregrine*, if there is any thing, in this late Action, that is worthy your Record, I shall attribute it, but to my good Fortune, that guided me hither; where the same Thing, might have been performed by a worthier Person, as this Gentleman, and the like: Yes, Sir, replied the young Count, as being doubly engaged for my own Interest as well as that Ladies. I hope, (answered *Clarinda*, in a little heat) that you will not say, I ever gave you any Interest in me? And I am of Opinion, that whatever my Parents may have done,

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without my consent, of this nature, may be, by me alter'd as I shall think fit; run not so fast, Sir, she continued, lest you leave me behind; after which, she turned aside, which being observed by *Peregrine*, it put a new Life, into his drooping Spirits, which he had almost lost, at this young Count's confident Approach, which made him venture to say, that the Lady was in the right, and that he believed, most Persons would be of her opinion, adding, There [illegible] [illegible] a force, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] to be [illegible] [illegible] Count, and that [illegible] [illegible] to give their Advices and [illegible] Right Sir, answered *Clarinda*, and I add, that we ought to receive them with Respect, as coming from them. You say well, Madam, said the young Count, and that was the Motive that induced me to proceed after the manner I have done, towards the honour of pleasing you. My Father and Mother, you mean, Sir, who from me are distinct Persons, so that you might apply your self to them, and pour your whole Soul into their Bosoms, make them wholly yours, with your great

great Eloquence; and yet I might ſtill be the ſame indifferent Perſon in all reſpects: Yet, Madam, replied the Count, I have had the Happineſs of finding a favourable Reception at your Hands, which there *Clarinda* interrupted him, ſaying, In Obedience to my Mothers Advices; but ſhe is no more, and what power ſoever ſhe might have, as a Parent, yet ſhe could not, nor never did offer, to have a Juriſdiction over my Mind, and Inclinations. You have a Father ſtill, Madam, who was pleaſed to encourage my Adreſſes to your fair ſelf; I'll plead his Authority, and Favour. Here *Peregrine* could not forbear, ſaying, With this Ladies leave, I'll venture to ſay, That durſt I raiſe my Thoughts, towards ſo much Happineſs, I ſhould truſt rather on Fortune, though blind, and my own Merits, though never ſo mean and unworthy, than on any other Cauſe whatſoever; Aſſidious Services, and a moſt Submiſſive Obedience, are great Advocates in matters of this weight. Pardon me, Sir, if I muſt tell you, added *Clarinda*, adreſſing to the Count, that this Gentleman has named, two of the chiefeſt means, to which I may add Fidelity and Perſeverance:

verance: In oppoſition to all Trials, Madam, whatever you ſay, muſt be aſſented to, replied the Count, you are a Party concerned; but for this Gentleman to give his un-ask'd for Advice, I think it very unneceſſary. With that the Count look'd very frowningly towards *Perigrine*; which Action, and Words, having the more netled *Clarinda*, ſhe in ſome kind of Emotion, returned, Sir, This Gentleman I look upon as the Preſerver of my Life, which may have intitled him to ſome ſhare in the Care of me, as well as he may be in my Eſteem. Though blind Fortune, ſaid the Count, has brought this Gentleman to do you a piece of Service, of that Nature; yet I, with Juſtice, claim ſuch a conſiderable Intereſt in you, as I muſt not ſuffer any Stranger to equal, or come near, without declaring him my Enemy. I am not an Enemy to any one, replied *Peregrine*; but I will die in maintaining, that all the World, ought to admire this Ladies Perfections, and not without vehement Deſires. *Clarinda* finding, that the heat increaſed, betwixt thoſe two Rivals, as ſhe felt Love to glow more fiercely in her Breaſt, towards the worthy Stranger; ſhe broke off the Diſcourſe

ſcourſe, or Diſpute rather, by ſaying, the Count would oblige her much more, in letting fall that Diſcourſe, which was very unpleaſing to her, and to exerciſe his Talient on any other Subject; and turning towards *Peregrine*, ſhe added, I fear, Sir, that my too long viſit, may have cauſed ſome Diſorder, which may retard your Health, towards which I ought rather to contribute. Then, turning again towards the Count, If you pleaſe, Sir, continued ſhe, you and I will retire into the next Room [illegible] offer to go, [illegible] Count on [illegible] ſering her his Hand.

What various and different Motions did animate thoſe three Perſons Breaſts: *Peregrine* was all Reſpect and Love; the Count Intereſt and Revenge, mixt with ſome grounds of Affection; and *Clarinda*, full of Gratitude, which was almoſt all turned into Paſſion. *Peregrine*, who before had had divers opportunities to obſerve a worthy Gratitude in *Clarinda's* Breaſt, was raviſh'd to find that by degrees it grow up into an Affection: That Noble Vigour, with which ſhe had maintained his Intereſt againſt the Count, had

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almoſt wholly convinc'd his Modeſty, that he was perfectly happy in her Boſome? but ſtill he feared he had reaſon to apprehend the Oppoſition of a powerful Rival; but then he hop'd that the Count's own Raſhneſs would work him out a ſhorter way to his Happineſs, than he might expect, by the due Methods in Love. He therefore contributed all he could towards his Recovery, and in that Reſolution, his Spirits being rais'd above their ordinary pitch, by the thoughts of Conqueſt, he forc'd himſelf out of his Seat, by the aid of a Staff, and getting into the Room, where he expected to have found *Clarinda* and the Count together. He was ſtrangely ſurpriſed to find *Clarinda* alone, imerg'd in Tears, under a gale of Sighs, which ſhe was not able to ſuppreſs ſo ſuddainly, but that *Peregrine* over-heard; he found of ſome of them, ſhe had covered her Face all over with her Handkerchief, ſo that *Peregrine* came up cloſe to her, and ſtood ſome time before her, ere ſhe could perceive him; beſides, ſhe little expected his coming, and knew no Body but her dear *Mariana* was permitted to enter where ſhe was; if ſhe heard any noiſe,

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ſhe believed it to proceed from her: Wherefore, as ſoon as her Sighs would permit her to make uſe of her Speech, remaining ſtill in the ſame poſture, Let us, dear *Mariana*, ſaid ſhe, Let us prevent, if we can poſſible, the dangerous effects of the Count's fury and power, over a Stranger, to whom I owe ſo much, and whom thou knoweſt I love. With that uncovering her Face, and perceiving *Peregrine* ſtanding before her, ſhe gave a ſhriek, and preſently clouding her Countenance with ſome marks of Diſpleaſure, in another Accent, ſhe ſaid; It was not fair, Sir, thus to intrude upon my Retirement, and become a ſpie to my moſt ſecret Actions; it muſt needs leſſen you in my thoughts, and that which mere Gratitude had made me to expreſs to your Advantage, may by ſuch proceedings turn to your Prejudice. *Peregrine*, perceiving his Error, flung himſelf on his Knees before her, ſaying, I own my fault, Madam, and thus lo I beg your pardon, but be ſo juſt as to hear my excuſe; I have accus'd my ſelf of a Crime, which I have committed without deſign, therefore I hope the eaſier to be pardon'd; but if I muſt incur your Diſpleaſure, doom

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me to Death, command my Rival to chaſtiſe that Preſumption, which lead me to inquire after his Behaviour towards ſo much worth; 'twas the Apprehenſions oft his want of reſpect towards you, that forc'd me out of my Chamber, to be a bridle to his ruggid Temper, which I fear, Madam, has been the Cauſe of theſe Diſorders, I unhappily find you in. The Count, who *Peregrine* had thought to be gone, was returning again upon his ſteps, but was met by *Mariana* at the Chamber Door, who having ſeen the poſture of theſe two Lovers, judg'd it convenient to prevent the Count from the ſame Spectacle; but yet not ſo well but that he had time to perceive, as ſhe was ſhutting the Door, how Courteouſly *Clarinda* was raiſing *Peregrine* from the Floor. Hell and Confuſion, cried the Count, Can I ſee this tamely? It muſt not, it ſhall not be, one of us two muſt yield to the other, by a ſuddain Death; with that he went haſtily out again, grumbling to himſelf. *Mariana* did attempt to appeaſe him, and called to him, but he had no Ears left but for revenge, which preſs'd him forward to ſome fatal Enterpriſe.

The

The noise the Count had made, had reach'd the Lovers Ears; and *Peregrine* was earnestly perswading *Clarinda*, to permit him to go and correct his Insolence; but she retain'd him by the Hand, telling him she knew better how to allay his passion, as being better acquainted with it; I'll take my time to do it, continued she, mean time, I must dissuade you, from so much Presumption as to believe that if I mention'd Love, as you have intimated, I thought then of you; I must confess you have a great share in my Gratitude, and some Progress you may have made in my Esteem, by your obliging Behaviour; yet not so firmly establish, but that, the least Presumption in your very Thoughts, would beat down all the Fabrick, your modesty had raised, should it come to my Knowledge. Madam, replied *Peregrine*, I am nothing but what you would have me to be, and I will never presume to think, to speak, or to act, but what shall be correspondent to your Will and Pleasure. Nay, replied *Clarinda*, I will allow you to believe that I have some Friendship also for you, but let that be the farthest limits of your Ambition. I am all Obedience, Madam, replied *Peregrine*,

I

grine; and in order to bring my self to this frame of Temper, I will have the vilest Thoughts of my self, and the most honourable of the Count, that I can conceive in my Imagination: as for your Excellencies, I am already satisfied, that they put you above the aspiring of the most accomplished Monarchs on Earth. *Mariana*'s coming in to acquaint them with what the Count had seen, and said, made them to change their Discourse; and some time after, *Peregrine* seeing it grow late, took his leave of *Clarinda*, in order to go to his Bed; at which *Clarinda* thought fit (to sweeten his relish after the bitter Potion she had given him,) with some kindnesses, to say, that she had a great desire to see his Leg, which she fear'd was not so well as she could wish, by his favouring it so much. I have attained, added she, to some skill in Wounds and Bruises, from some observations which I have made in my Mother's, and my Aunt's charitable practise amongst the Poor of the Neighbourhood. *Peregrine* would have excused himself from giving her that trouble,

But *Clarinda*, who design'd to sweeten him again, ordered *Mariana* to send for those things with which he dress'd his Leg, that she might see it opened her self.

Peregrine must have been more than blind, not to discern that all *Clarinda*'s pretended actions of gratitude, were the meer effects of Love. But notwithstanding all his knowledge, he was to seem ignorant: He therefore consented to all her desires, and permitted his Leg to be dress'd by his two new Chyrurgeons. *Clarinda* perceiving some blackness still remaining on the bruised part, appeared much concerned at it, and said, she fear'd very much that he was not yet past all danger. *Peregrine* protested all was well; that he felt no other inconveniency at that present, but a little weakness which attended his Ankle, which he attributed to the want of using his Leg, and the fall of some humours upon that part. *Mariana*, who knew it would please *Clarinda*, did second her in what she said, and added, it was fit to send for the Chyrurgeon very early in the Morning, before he should be gone forth: so that *Peregrine*, for fear of offending, had not a word to re-

reply. This being concluded on, and *Peregrine*'s Leg ſwadled up again, he took his leave once more of his two Doctreſſes, and by the aid of one of his Servants, retir'd to his own Chamber.

Peregrine was no ſooner got thither, but *Clarinda* went into hers, attended by her Faithful *Mariana*; where, while *Clarinda* was undreſſing, they had a large diſcant upon that Evenings Tranſactions; wherein *Mariana* endeavoured to convince *Clarinda*, That ſeeing ſhe her ſelf was grown to that paſs, as not to be capable of concealing her Paſſion towards *Peregrine*, ſhe ought to take other methods with him, and not deny ſo abſolutely, that which ſhe could not conceal from him in the day, and from her at night, in her Dreams and paſſionate Tranſports, at her awaking. *Clarinda* confeſs'd, that ſhe could not well palliate her Paſſion much longer, it was grown to ſuch a heighth, but that ſhe was reſolved not wholly to declare in favour of *Peregrine* neither, 'till ſhe had got her Father's conſent to diſingage herſelf from the Count; and that ſhe would loſe no time, nor leave no means unattempted to accompliſh her deſigns; wherefore ſhe had

deſign'd the next Morning to ſend an Expreſs to her Father about it. Theſe Reſolutions being taken, they went to their repoſe,

The young Count, who had but very little reſt all that Night, and that found himſelf the next Morning very indiſpoſed, deſigned to prevent a Fever, by a bleeding in the Arm; he thereunto imploy'd the ſame Chyrurgeon that had been ſent for that very Morning by *Clarinda* to *Peregrine*, becauſe he liv'd near him, and was conſtantly made uſe of on any occaſion by the whole Family, as thoſe kind of Perſons affect to make themſelves buſie in their employ: he told the Count, that he was preſently to go to the Lady *Clarinda*'s, to look on a ſtrange Gentleman's Leg, who he had in hand before, and had left, as believing him quite out of danger. The Count hearing of this, cauſed the Chyrurgeon to bleed him in the left Arm; after which he took the opportunity of this Meſſenger to convey a Challenge into *Peregrine*'s hand, and to receive an anſwer by the ſame way, unknown, and unſuſpected by any Perſon of the Caſtle. He then writ as follows.

SIR

SIR,

MY *Right to fair* Clarinda *is ſo ſubſtantial and ſolid, that you muſt reſolve to quit all your imaginary Claims to her, under your hand, or be ready to maintain your weak pretenſions, with your Sword in hand, to Morrow, at Five in the Morning, in the* Gravel Pits, *about the midway, betwixt the Caſtle and the Habitation of*

Your Humble Servant

Count Manſfe...

The leaſt Child will ſhew you the place.

He delivered this Paper, ſealed up, to the Chyrurgeon, giving him ſtrict charge to convey into that Gentleman's own hands, unperceived of any Perſon whatſoever, and to require an anſwer, and bring it as ſecretly back to him again. The Chyrurgeon promiſed to perform his commands to a tittle, and upon that went his way to the Caſtle. He was preſently admitted into *Peregrine*'s Cham-

ber, where, not long after, *Clarinda* and *Mariana* appear'd also; they inquir'd after his Health, which he own'd to be perfect, and that it was meerly to condescend to others desires, that he admitted of this unnecessary visit from the Chyrurgeon. The Chyrurgeon did not think fit to deliver the Letter, while they were in the Room, wherefore he imploy'd himself in pulling out his Pocket, all the Instruments he had, which were not a few, though he had no occasion for any; and with searching all his Pockets, he at last let drop the Letter by accident, which being perceived by *Mariana*, she took it up, and convey'd it into *Clarinda*'s hands, who went out to read. Mean time, the Leg was taken into Examination, and after all adjudg'd by the Leech-Oracle, to be as the owner of it had certified. Now he had no more to do, but to deliver the Letter, but still is very uneasie at the Women's presence; he tumbles all over himself, to have it in readiness to deliver, with the first opportunity; frets within himself that he cannot find it, at last perceives it on the Table, where *Clarinda* had laid it, after she had read, and seal'd it up again:

He

He greedily ſnatches it up; and *Clarinda* perceiving he had found it, retires with *Mariana*, to give him the opportunity of delivery: He preſently conveys it into *Peregrine*'s hands, and waits for an anſwer: *Peregrine* reads it, and inſtantly ſends him back with theſe following Lines.

SIR,

HAD you ſaid, That neither you, nor I, nor none elſe, had any right in that Lady, more than ſhe is pleas'd herſelf to diſpoſe of to any Perſon ſhe judges worthy of that Honour, I had join'd with you, in oppoſition to all Contradictions. But becauſe I am of Opinion, you ground your right on a falſe bottom, I am willing to inform you, I ſhall not fail to meet you, at the time and place appointed, with my Sword in hand, to let you know on what right I ground my pretenſions in that fair perſon; 'till then, I am

Your Humble Servant

Peregrine.

Now are all parties very well pleas'd with their cunning contrivances, though every one in a distinct respect; *Peregrine* appear'd all that day more gay and pleasant than ever, walking up and down, and would willingly have taken the Air out of Doors, but that he could not obtain of his courteous Guardian; when he found that by no means he could not get out, to see himself where was the place of Rendezvous, being so narrowly watch'd by all the Family, he sent one of his Servants to inquire the way to the Count's, and then to follow that Road, 'till he found some Gravel-Pits about the mid-way; after that, he gave order to another of his, to keep all the Horses, and all things else, in a readiness, as if to depart the next Morning; but that they should do it very privately, and not go about it 'till all the Servants were in Bed. After this, he apply'd himself to the composing of this following Letter.

I *Fly, Madam, to inform the Count, with the point of my Sword, that you are a Jewel I can yield to no Man, but accompanied with my Life; not Madam, that I dare presume to think any thing in me, wor-*

worthy so rich a prize. But I am so vain as to assert, That none can love you better, and that none dare do for you more, then I am ready to perform at all times, and yet attribute to my self no Merits in the least, on that account. I go with that confidence, that I repose on the advantage of your Esteem and Friendship, that makes me sure of the Victory. If I live, it will be but to continue your Slave all the days of my Life. If I fall, and you afford but one kind thought to accompany me to my Grave, I shall rest in peace; but either in Life or Death, I am, and shall ever be

Your most humble Servant

Peregrine.

This Letter was to be left, seal'd up, on his Pillow, that it might not so readily be found, and that he might first have time to dispose of himself, according to the Event of the Combat; he still, by intervals, mixt himself with *Clarinda* and *Mariana*, who had other Thoughts in their Heads, and *Peregrine* perceiving them to be some thing more pensive than ordinarily, did all he could to divert

them; all this did but ſtill more, and more inſnare *Clarinda*, who could not but be highly pleas'd at her Lover's great Paſſion and Bravery, which very much ſuited her Maſculine Spirit; but ſhe had deſign'd to prevent all miſchief, for this time, with a reſolution to give her ſelf to him, ſo ſoon as the Meſſenger ſhe had ſent to her Father, were return'd, what anſwer ſoever he brought, in order to prevent all future quarrels, in the opinion, that being once his, all other pretenſions would be at an end, and fall of themſelves,

The Day drawing to an end, *Clarinda* pretended her ſelf ſomewhat indiſpoſed, that ſhe might the ſooner retire to perfect the deſign, which ſhe, and *Mariana* had laid, to diſappoint *Peregrine* of his Intentions: *Peregrine* alſo, to take time to pack up all things, without noiſe, was glad of that opportunity to retire.

He had not been long alone in his Chamber, but he thought he heard the ſound of ſome Inſtrument, at a diſtance, which made him give an Attention to it; he ſhifted to all ſides of the Room, to find from whence it came; at laſt, having opened a Cloſet Door, he was ſenſible

ble that it proceeded from behind that Wall: He laid his Ear as close as he could to it, and discern'd 'twas a Lute; after which he heard some body say, Here, take this Instrument, it suits not now my too distracted Thoughts, come lets to rest: I think 'twill be convenient, answer'd another, that we may not fail of encountring the Count early enough, to defeat his Designs. 'Twill be a strange Surprisal, answer'd the other, to him, and to our Guests, who little think how fast he is secure. After this, there was a silence which made him give over hearkning, to break their Measures, not doubting but 'twas *Clarinda* and *Mariana*, who had had some Intelligence of the Duel: He was alone in his Chamber, having ordered his Servants to their rest; he went to open his Chamber-Door, to call one of them, but found he was double lock'd in. This made him to distrust the more, but knew not how to remedy it; in this perplexity walking up and down, he at last thought of getting out at the Window; he takes what he thought fit with him, looks every where for his Sword, but finds it not; so gets out of the Window without it, and finds himself near to the

Stable

Stable-Yard, he makes towards the Stables, where he finds his Man getting the Horſes in a readineſs, according to order, inquires after his Sword, but no News of it, ſo was forc'd to take one of his Servants Weapons, and that he might not be followed by *Clarinda*, cauſes his Servants, to turn all the Horſes looſe, out of the Stable, except his own, believing it too far a Journey for her to walk. Now, he grows very impatient, thinks the time long, returns not to his Chamber, but waits for the tedious hour by his Horſes; and ſo ſoon as day began to peep, he gets his Horſes ſadled out, without noiſe, and he follows himſelf, without being diſcover'd. That Servant who had been ſent to find where the Gravel-pits were, leads the Van, *Peregrine* followed; after Five or Six Miles riding, the Guide told his Maſter, that they were within half a Mile of the Pits; there *Peregrine* makes a halt, and perceiving a thick Wood, on the right, commands his Men to go wait for him there; after which, he rides on with his Guide, who leads him to the Pits; there he orders his Man, that ſo ſoon as he ſhould ſee a Gentleman appear, he ſhould retire homewards, in the Road,

at

at ſome convenient diſtance, a little out of the way, not to be ſeen, and there wait his coming.

Clarinda, full of Thoughts and Fears, could not Sleep, nor ſuffer *Mariana* to take reſt; but ſo ſoon as Day began to appear, they did ariſe, and calling up ſome Servants, gave Orders to have three Horſes ſadled, her own, and *Marianas*, and another for a Groom, and they went about to get themſelves ready. The Meſſenger preſently returned, ſaying, That there was not an Horſe in the Stable; this did alarum *Clarinda*: What, ſaid ſhe, are not our Gueſt's Horſes there neither? The Perſon anſwered, that there was not one; this put *Clarinda* in a great plunge, and *Mariana* was ſent immediately down, with the Key of *Peregrine*'s Chamber-Door, to ſee after him; ſhe paſſing by that Window, out of which *Peregrine* had got, perceiving it open, and ſomething white lying on the ground, ſhe took it up, and feared he had got out that way, ſhe haſtily run to his Chamber-Door, and having opened it, found that the Bird was flown; ſhe immediately run back to acquaint *Clarinda* of it, and both in great ſurpriſe, run to the Stables,

half

half dreſſed, and half undreſſed; there *Clarinda* met a Groom, leading her own Pad, who ſaid, He, nor his Fellows, could find no more Horſes, as yet; ſhe cauſed him immediately to be ſaddled, mean time, ſends *Mariana* for *Peregrine*'s Sword, which ſhe had laid out of the way; and ſo ſoon as her Horſe was ready, gets up, orders *Mariana* to follow her, ſo ſoon as poſſible ſhe could, and rides towards the Pits, as faſt as her Horſe could carry her.

By this the Count was come, *Peregrine* had left him for dead, and at his fall, having perceived a blue Ribbon hang out of his Pocket, he had the Curioſity to pluck it out, at the end of which, he found a Picture, which perceiving to be *Clarindas*, he put it in his own Pocket, and run back to find his Man and Horſe, to make his eſcape. He had not gon far, before he met with an Horſe, on which hung *Clarinda*, by the Foot in the Stirrup, and her Head dragging on the ground, crying out for help. He preſently knew her by her voice, and perceiving that the Horſe was frighted, he gently drew near him till he got hold of the Bridle; and by that means

was

was a ſecond time the Preſerver of his dear Miſtreſſes Life. He diſingaged her, and knowing he could not be far from his Servant, he whiſtled, at which he preſently came: *Clarinda* had been cruelly bruiſed, all about the Head and Shoulders, and receiv'd a dangerous Wound, on her Arm, with a tread of the Horſe, which cauſed her to ſwound, ſo ſoon as ſhe had been layd in *Peregrine*'s Lap, who with both his Hands, hill'd her Head, and endeavour'd to ſtop the Blood which ran very faſt. He was in this poſture, when *Mariana* came full ſpeed, who perceiving the Diſaſter, leapt off of her Horſe, and ran to *Clarinda*, who ſhe found coming to her ſelf; and who began to return thanks to *Peregrine* for his timely Aſſiſtance. He preſently enquir'd how ſhe found her ſelf, which was ſeconded by *Mariana*. *Clarinda*, not ſenſible then of her pain, told them, She hop'd it would be nothing, and that the fright was the moſt: But *Peregrine*, who knew better than her ſelf, in what a Condition ſhe was, deſired that ſhe ſhould immediately be carried back to her Bed, and Chirurgeons ſent for to take Care of her Wounds, and Bruiſes; ſhe would not con-

conſent to be remov'd, till ſhe had inquir'd whether *Peregrine* had any hurt? And what was become of the Count? He anſwer'd, He was perfectly well, except the grief that he conceiv'd at her diſaſter; ſhe ask'd him again earneſtly, What is become of the Count? You have not kill'd him, I hope? Added ſhe, I know not what he is, Madam, replied *Peregrine*, I left him unable to perſue my retreat. If he's in danger, replied *Clarinda*, there's no ſtaying here; he has powerful Friends, that will revenge his Death: Flie *Peregrine*, added ſhe, and preſerve that Life, which twice has ſav'd mine: This is no place for us to ſtay in any longer; Let us, at leaſt, retire from the Road: And are you ſure, you are not hurt? Continued ſhe, looking on *Peragrine* with a paſſionate air. With that, not ſtaying for his Anſwer, ſhe made offer to riſe, which with the aid of *Peregrine*, and *Mariana*, ſhe perform'd: They led her into a thick Wood, which was cloſe by, where they ſet her down; and ſhe having once more inquired whether *Peregrine* was not hurt, and he aſſured her no; ſhe related, how galloping down a Hill, her Horſe had ſtumbl'd, flung her over his Head,

Head, and dragg'd her all along, and had undoubtedly kill'd her, had not the Heavens ſent him to her Relief. *Peregrine* knew well in what danger he ſtayed there, but could not leave his dear *Clarinda*, all wounded as ſhe was, which made him very Reſtleſs; ſhe ſoon perceiv'd it, and dreading the worſt; I fear, ſaid ſhe, you have more cauſe to flie, than to ſtay here; 'twas my Misfortune, and your too great Raſhneſs, has brought you into danger: Flie, Sir, to ſave that Life, which I muſt prize above my own Content. Where e'er you go, think of *Clarinda*, Sir; She's yours by Acquiſition, The Heavens will have it ſo; but when you're ſafe, fail not to let me know where e'er you are; my Prayers to Heaven ſhall be to keep you ſafe, as ſafe as I ſhall keep you in my Thoughts. *Peregrine* was going to reply, but hearing a great noiſe of Horſe paſſing by; and *Mariana* having perceiv'd ſome of the Count's Liveries, they gueſt it was in purſuit of *Peregrine*; he therefore had no longer time, then to kneel, take her Hand, and kiſs it; Adieu ſweet Angel, ſaid he to *Clarinda*, Death only ſhall drive thee out of my Thoughts; I am forever thine: Adieu, kind *Mariana*,

ana, added he, ſupply my place in the Preſervation of this fair one, I may live to return to ſee you both. This Farewel drew Tears from all their Eyes; he got on Horſe-back, and with his Man, went to ſeek after the reſt of his Equipage, ſtill looking behind him, going with a ſlow pace, and heavy Heart, till he had loſt the ſight of them. He met with his other Servants, with whom he got into a croſs Road, with all the ſpeed he could.

Thoſe who had paſs'd by in ſuch haſte, were purſuers of *Peregrine*, who having found the Count, as they thought, expiring, followed him, while the reſt were conveying the poor Count home, in whom, they had found ſome ſigns of Life. They were running with all ſpeed towards the Caſtle, where not being contented to inquire after the Stranger (whom they believ'd had done the Deed, by what they had gather'd from the Chirurgeon, who had began to ſuſpect the Contents of thoſe Letters he had carried,) they alſo ſearch all over the Caſtle, but finding nothing, were returning home; (not knowing which way to go,) when they were met by *Clarinda*, on her Horſe, ſupported by *Mariana*, on one ſide, and by the Groom,

Groom, on the other, who had follow'd as fast as he could get a Horse, and make him go; they knew her, though muffl'd up, and all in Blood; but the Business they had been about, and their rude Behaviour in the Castle, made them unwilling to take notice of her, so they posted by, without any further notice.

Poor *Clarinda* was thus brought home, laid in her Bed, her Heart more full of Grief for *Peregrine*'s Absence, though necessary for the safety of his Life, than her Body was of pain, by the Wounds she had receiv'd; they were soon made whole again, by the Care and Diligence of her Physicians, and Chirurgeons; but it was not so with that of her Heart, no Physician was capable of curing those Wounds which *Peregrine*'s Dangers and Absence had made there; nothing but time, and his dear Presence, could be a fit Salve for those great Evils. As she lay pensive in her Bed, after she had been dress'd, a Servant brought in the Letter which she had found upon *Peregrine*'s Pillow; she bid *Mariana* open it, and read it to her, which drew Tears from her Eyes; and this having put *Mariana* in mind of the Papers she had found in the morning,

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she

she pull'd them out of her Pocket, told *Clarinda* how she had found them, and then read as follows,

Verses for a Song.

WHile Beauteous Cloris, *on the Waters lay,*
Panting for Life, Damon *wandred that way;*
He 'spi'd, plung'd, seis'd, and to the desir'd Shore,
His expiring fair Prize, *in triumph bore;*
But when his Purchase, *he had laid,*
And saw no signs of Life, *he said,*
Why made I not more hash, to set thee free?
Or, being too late, Why died I *not with thee?*

The charming Nymph, after some moments rest,
Gave signs, some Life still harbour'd in her Breast;
She sigh'd, she groan'd, she open'd both her Eyes,
She struggl'd hard, but yet, she could not rise,

Till

Till Damon *giving her ſome eaſe,*
Her helpleſs Hand did gently ceaſe;
Which having warm'd with Kiſſes, down he laid,
And cried, Heaven pity this poor dying Maid.

At this her Eyes, which ſhe again had clos'd,
Were lifted up; on his Breaſt ſhe repos'd
Her wearied Head, look'd gaſhly on the Youth,
Not knowing whither 'twas a Dream, or Truth;
'Till he beſought her to declare,
How ſhe, within her ſelf did fare;
To which, with languid Looks, ſhe did reply,
'Tis too late Shepheard, Cloris, *now muſt die.*

Theſe Words did ſo tranſpierce the poor Youth's Heart,
(Who firſt had wounded been with Cupid's *Dart,)*
That to cold Death he was reſigning all,
When the fair Nymph, from Death thus did him call,

Do

Do not die, ſaid ſhe, and I'll live,
And ſtreight her gentle hand did give;
So were they heard no longer to complain;
But liv'd to Love, and lov'd to live again.

Theſe things did but add fuel to that amorous Fire, which flam'd in the afflicted *Clarinda*'s Breſt. Why were the Heavens ſo kind, ſaid ſhe, to provide ſo worthy a Preſerver of my Life, and ſo cruel again, as to ſnatch him from me, before I could let him know the gratitude of my Heart! His firſt brave action had ſufficiently engag'd me to him, without being twice made beholden for my Life; but, as if that was not yet enough, to make me his Debtor beyond hopes of redemption, he alſo cruel proves in his paſſionate Expreſſions, and brave Performances. *Mariana*, who did all ſhe could to divert her from thoſe Reflections, told her, that ſhe had a great fancy to give the Verſes to ſet, to her Maſter of the Lute, the next time he ſhould come, that ſhe might ſing and play them both together. *Clarinda* ſaid, that would but increaſe her ſorrow for the abſence of the Compoſer; yet do, continued ſhe, ſince I cannot have his ſweet preſence, let me

injoy what I can, of the Fruits of his Love; my greateſt comfort, in all my afflictions is, to find he loves me. No, ſaid ſhe again, that is rather grief upon affliction; as circumſtances are, it had been better had he prove unkind. Thus was poor *Clarinda* afflicting her ſelf, and her dear *Mariana* comforting of her, when news were brought, her Muſick-Maſter waited in the Parlor. *Clarinda* would have him ſent back, ſaying, ſhe was not in condition to hear Muſick; but *Mariana* did ſo ſtrongly plead, in hopes it would aid to compoſe her Spirits, that he was ſent for up, and part of the accident that had befallen her, related to him, as it had been to the reſt of the Houſhold, to put a ſtop to their over-curious Inquiſitions. He took up her Lute, which having tun'd, he plaid on it ſuch Leſſons as vs'd to delight her moſt; but ſhe ſeem'd not to hearken to them. Ask of *Mariana* the Verſes which ſhe began to read; then returning them to her again, there, ſaid ſhe, do what you will with them. *Mariana* taking this as a *tacit* conſent, to what ſhe had propos'd, ſhew'd them to the Muſick-Maſter, and deſir'd him to ſet them to a Tune, ſo as that they might

might be ſung, and play'd upon the Lute; he promiſed ſo to do, and to bring them with him the next day; and having play'd two or three Tunes more, he took his leave, and retired.

Then had *Mariana* leaſure, and not before, to unfold the other Paper which ſhe had taken up; but ſhe found it written in a Language ſhe did not underſtand. Here is, I know not what, ſaid ſhe to *Clarinda*, giving her the Paper; (which was that Letter which *Peregrine* received from that Lady I mentioned before, the day before he left *England*:) *Clarinda* was as far to ſeek, as *Mariana*; ſhe fancied it to be a Woman's hand, and was confirm'd in that Opinion, ſo ſoon as ſhe had read at the bottom of it, the word *Iſabella*; her Heart ſtarted at it, as a preſage of the ſorrows which it would cauſe her; ſhe dreaded the contents, yet was impatient to know them; ſhe doubted not but this was a Letter to him from ſome *Engliſh* Woman, writ in that Language, and therefore was the leſs in hopes of having it decyphered: they both beat their Heads very much about it, but to no purpoſe; 'till at laſt it came into *Clarinda*'s mind, that ſhe had heard her old

Aunt

Aunt say, That presently upon the death of her Husband, who had died at *London*, she had been forc'd to go thither, to recover some considerable Sums of Mony, that were due to her Husband, which she could not recover but by long and costly Suits at Law, which had caus'd her to remain in that Kingdom, near two years, in which time, she had got some imperfect knowledge of that Language. *Clarinda* sent *Mariana* immediately with the Letter to her Aunt, to desire her that she would Translate it for her, as well as she could possible. The old Gentlewoman was very unwilling to undertake such a Task, pleading her long discontinuance in that Tongue; but being overperswaded by her Neice's, and *Mariana's* Importunities, she writ out of it that which follows, pick'd out here and there, as well as she could gather it, without any coherence.

The despair of ever seen you more,
has ——— *my Passion was too great, not*
to be ——— *to bestow on others, that*
which by my ——— *so Cruel to one, who*
never ——— *but in loving you* ——— *my*

Death a ſalve to all ——— *Peregrine*
hear ——— *of the unfortunate*

Iſabella.

The old Lady had required time, 'till Night, for the unravelling of thoſe Myſteries, which *Mariana* was forc'd to allow her, but through *Clarinda*'s Impatience ſhe was frequently interrupted by *Mariana*, which caus'd the old Lady to lock her ſelf up, 'till ſhe had done, to avoid any further Diſturbance; at laſt, the Buſineſs was Accompliſh'd, as well as could be done by her, and *Mariana* called up, to whom it was delivered, not without being ask'd by the old Gentlewoman, how ſhe had come by that Letter, adding that that was all ſhe could make of it; *Mariana*, told her ſhe had found it by chance, ſo run down immediately to ſhew it to the impatient *Clarinda*.

Heavens, What do I ſee? Said *Clarinda*, after ſhe had read a little. How's this? Cried ſhe again, reading on; What read I more? Continued ſhe, here is his Name, and that alſo of that unfortunate Woman, whom he has render'd Miſerable; See, ſee *Mariana*, continued ſhe, *Peregrine*

rine is false; Oh Heavens! What will become of me? *Mariana*, having read it, said, I perceive a complaint made by one *Isabella*; at *Peregrine*'s depart, she seems to tax him with cruelty, and owns she loves him, but in all this, I do not find that she calls him Unconstant, Infidel, Perjur'd, Deceitful, or the like: No, replied *Clarinda*, but all that, and a great deal more does follow. Those Inferences may easily be drawn from what I have seen; Oh! Unfortunate *Clarinda*, and false *Peregrine*; with that she gave her self over to Unconsolable Grief. *Mariana* did all she could to comfort her, but all in vain, she represented to her, that though all was true which she but surmised at most; yet, this was before he had seen her, and that she believ'd the very Heavens had contributed by strange Accidents to make him constant to her. A false Man minds not Heaven, answered *Clarinda*, Oh! that I had seen but this before he had gone, I had commanded him never more to see my Face. In short, *Clarinda* was in such a fury, that *Mariana* thought it Prudence, not to insist any longer on *Peregrine*'s Justification, at that present, but rather to divert her

from the Thoughts of him, by raiſing of ſome other Diſcourſe, not queſtioning but that in time *Peregrine* would be able to juſtifie himſelf; for *Mariana* had entertained ſo good an Opinion of him, that ſhe would believe all things elſe, rather than that he ſhould be falſe. The Meſſenger, which *Clarinda* had ſent to her Father at *Mentz*, being juſt at that time return'd, he brought her the ſad News of her Father's deſperate Illneſs. This Addition of Grief, made her reſolve to leave the Caſtle, that place which had lately prov'd ſo fatal to her, and to go and tend her Father in the Town of *Mentz*, without any further Deſires to hear of *Peregrine*'s ſafe Retreat. She began from that time, to gather all that ſhe thought convenient to carry with her, as Money, Plate, and Jewels, the rather to, becauſe the Servant had told her that there was great Apprehenſions in *Mentz*, of the Confederate Troops ſpeedy Approaches, and that no doubt they would ravage the Country: Wherefore, partly her own ſafety, and partly in a diſpair, ſhe took that Reſolution, deſigning to put in Execution, with the earlieſt haſte, and to leave *Mariana*, in the Caſtle, to attend her

her old Aunt, who kept continually Cloi-ster'd up in her Chamber, and to send her News, by some means or other, of that Perfidious Man, in Case she had any to send, that she might inform him, she now knew him: This was a hard Pill for *Mariana* to swallow, but finding she might do *Peregrine* a great piece of Service, in sending *Clarinda* News of him, from whom she did not question but to hear, so soon as he was got in a place of security; she consented to *Clarinda's* request.

The earnest Desires *Clarinda* had to be gone, hastened in some measure her Cure; so that the third day, after her Disaster, she was fit to get on Horse-back; but having been further informed that all the Roads were full of the Confederate's Forces, she thought it would be dangerous for her to adventure in her own Aparel, for fear of being met by some rude party; she therefore put on one of her Brother's Suits, assuming his Name, and being fitted with all things else, to make her a compleat Cavalier; she set forward in the close of the Evening, with three of her Men Servants, designing to be so near *Mentz* by Morning, that the Confederates should not prevent her getting in.

Fortune did so favour her Enterprise, that by the next Morning, she got safe into *Mentz*, but it was not without riding very hard, having been pursued for two Miles, even to the very Gates of the Town; there (for Addition to her Grief) she learnt the Death of her Father, and that he had been buried the day before her coming: Those who had seen the Servant that had been sent before, returning with her, who now went under the Notion of *Frederick*, (which was her Brother's Name,) and Son and Air to the Deceased, did not in the least question the truth thereof; wherefore, they delivered to *Frederick*, all that his Father had left; but he disliking his Lodgings, he took one up in a more convenient place, and presently sent back all three of his Servants, giving them charge to put his dear *Mariana* in mind, of what she had promised to do.

Peregrine, mean time, as he was making his escape, fell into a Party of the Confederates, who took him Prisoner, and brought him where he was most desirous to be, in the Absence of his charming *Clarinda*. He presently made inquiry after his worthy Friend, Count *Zinzerdorf*, and

and was not long after brought to his Quarters, where he was receiv'd with all the Careſſes imaginable. He came into the Camp, about the beginning of *July*, having been taken by a Party of Foot, the Evening before, who were Convey to the Baggage and Artillary. The Camp being on one Line, and the Regiments of Horſe and Foot being intermix'd, it was late the next Morning, before he was ſurrender'd into the Count's Hands. He being thus ſafe, his next Care was to give notice to *Clarinda* of his ſafety, which he conceiv'd in theſe Terms.

If there was any perfect felicity to be had, where the charming Clarinda *is not, I might think my ſelf not far from attaining it. I am with my Friends, in an Army that fronts, and threatens the Enemy's Deſtruction; and I have that particular and vaſt Advantage over the reſt, of having you, Madam, for my Guardian Angel; but when I reflect on the Condition, in which my hard Fate, forc'd me to leave you; eſpecially, conſidering that I am to place all your Misfortunes on the account of my perverſe Stars, all my great proſpect of Contentedneſs is reduc'd into a black Cloud of Diſpair;*

I earneſtly intreat the moſt obliging Mariana *to let me know whether I ſtand for Life or Death, for both depend ſo abſolutely upon* Clarindas *State, that according to my Information, I am prepared to live, or die an eternal Votary to that fair Saint.*

With this Letter he diſpatch'd one of his Servants, who ſpoke *German*, to convey it to the Caſtle, and got a Paſs that he might not be hindred in his going or coming back. This Meſſenger, who was his Groom, made a ſhift to looſe himſelf, in the dark of the Evening, betwixt the Camp and the Town, in a Vale, near a Mill, where ſome of the Army of *Loraine* had orders to poſt themſelves. This made the Groom to avoid them (not knowing who they were) to get betwixt them and the Town, with a Deſign, ſo ſoon as any light did appear, never ſo little, to get from amongſt them as faſt as ever he could, and ſo inquire out the way to the Caſtle: But he fail'd in his Meaſures, for the *French* ſallied out, which gave an alarum to the *Germans*, who ſoon drove back the Salliers, who took but one Man Priſoner, that prov'd to be *Peregrine's* Groom. He was brought into the Town, and

and ſome would have made him paſs for a Spie, but that the Fellow had ſo much wit as to call himſelf a Deſerter, who being ſent with a Letter, from a Gentleman, came but the day before into the Camp, of the Confederates, to a Lady that liv'd in a Caſtle, about a days Journey from thence, he had taken that opportunity of eſcaping into the Town, and that he was waiting for ſome oppottunity of doing ſo, when he was luckily brought in; this and the Fellow's Readineſs to produce the Letter, ſoon gain'd Credit, ſo that he was releas'd, and the Letter, after read, return'd to him.

Amongſt thoſe who were preſent at the Fellow's Examination; a perſon who liv'd in the ſame Houſe where *Frederick* lay, had been a Spectator, and being ask'd, at his return, what news from the Party that had ſallied out that Night, he ſaid, they had loſt three or four Men, but had got but one Priſoner, who it ſeems was a Deſerter, then he told them the whole Story; this having been related juſt by *Frederick*'s Chamber Door, ſo that he had over heard all; he began to fancy, that he might be ſomething concern'd in this Buſineſs more than ordinary; he there-

fore inquir'd, where he might ſee this Deſerter, and what Livery he had on? But could learn neither, he only was offer'd by the Fellow to go ſeek after him, and bring him to him, if he would conſider him for his pains; *Frederick* having promis'd the Fellow a good reward, and given him a ſmall advance, he went his ways to ſeek after *Peregrine*'s Groom, who he found about ſome two Hours after drinking with ſome Soldiers; but he ſcarce knew him again, becauſe the Soldiers had taken the pains to eaſe him of his upward Garment, which was *Peregrine*'s Livery. But hearing him ſay that the Lady muſt excuſe him, if he made bold to light his Pipe, with ſome of theſe Compliments which his Maſter ſent to her; that made the Fellow confident it was the ſame Perſon, he ſtopt his Hand, and told him there was a young Gentleman, in the Town, that had ſomething to ſay to him: The Groom preſently put up the Letter again, with his Pipe, and ſaid, he was ready to follow him, deſiring his Comrades to forbare drinking the reſt of his Coat, 'till he return'd to have his ſhare of it; with that he follow'd his Guide, who ſoon brought him to *Frederick*.

The

The Groom having never ſeen *Frederick* before, no not in his former Aparel, nor *Frederick* him; he was oblig'd to interogate him the more ſtrictly, and the Groom gave *Frederick* ſuch ſatisfactory Anſwers, that when he was preſented with the open Letter, all rompl'd, he ſoon knew the Character, and remained well ſatisfied of the truth of all the reſt; he gratifi'd both the Fellows, and bid the Groom come to him the next day, then he retir'd to his own Chamber, to read with the greater leiſure, and privacy, that which he thought moſt concerned him in this World; he could not but reflect at Fortune's figaries, who had miſ-lead this Fellow, by which means he had come the ſooner to hear of that falſe Man, to whom he was reſolv'd to ſend a ſevere Epiſtle. *Frederick* read, but did not; kiſs'd thoſe Lines which *Peregrine* had writ, an Hundred times over, as he had done before, when he was ſtill *Clarinda*, and finding ſo much Paſſion in them, he thought he could not diſpute them too much. He was impatient of the Groom's return, that he might further examine him, and find whither he might intruſt him with his Deſigns; in the mean time,

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he

he buſied himſelf in reading all *Peregrine*'s Writings; after which, he took his Lute, Play'd and Song to it thoſe Verſes, which his Muſick-Maſter had given him, that ſame day he had ſet forth for *Mentz*, which he had got very perfect, with repeating them continually, as he daily did, but not with that pleaſure he had formerly done. Of Truth, this had been the greateſt of his Diverſion ever ſince his coming to that place, where he had liv'd retire, without any Communication even at his Meals, ſo that he paſſed under the Notion of the Woman hater, becauſe there were divers Gentlewomen in the ſame Houſe, Boarders, whoſe Company *Frederick* did avoid, as if they had had the Plague; and when any one came to make his Bed, or clean his Chamber, he would all that time retire into a Cloſet, at the further end of his Chamber, which contained all his Trunks, Boxes and Cheſts, and where he would frequently retire to play on the Lute, or to meditate on thoſe Writings once ſo precious to him, that he might ſtill be the leſs heard, and thought on. There he began to think in what perplexities *Peregrine* would have been in, had he been

true,

true, at his not hearing any News from him, which made him think the time very long before the Groom's return, who at last came. *Frederick* brought him into his Closet; after he had shut the Chamber Door, where he examin'd so closly the Groom, that he confest to him, he had pretended to be a Deserter, when he had been taken by the Enemy, only that he might have the better opportunity to get to that Castle, where they had been made so much on by the good Lady of that place, on his Masters Account, he was sure; for he had heard his Fellow-Servants, who were oftner within Door, than he, whose whole Business was in the Stable, talk strange things of them: And do they believe, said *Frederick*, that your Master does really Love that Gentlewoman? Love her, answered the Groom, doats upon her, ay, and will e'en run stark-staring Mad for her, to, it's believ'd; for a does neither eat, drink, nor sleep; but all Night he's a sighing and sobbing, as if his own Hearts Blood and Guts, would burst asunder: By'r Lady, I could not live so, for my part, continued he. Well, honest Friend, replied *Frederick*, since thou hast been so faithful to thy Master,

and

and doſt deſign to continue ſo, here is to encourage thee to go on, in ſerving him truly; and now I will tell thee that I am nearly related to that Lady, to whom thou were going with the Letter, and that if thou wilt venture to carry back a Letter to thy Maſter, I ſhall reward thee well for thy pains: Odds-buds, Maſter, anſwered the honeſt blunt Groom, I did fancy ſo much ſo ſoon as I ſaw you, though I never ſaw her, and might my Girdle never hold, if I do not venture my Whizle, at any time for any of you Three; trie me elſe, continued he, do ye but contrive, and drive me forwards, and trie if I don't go. This hearty proffer from ſo blunt a Fellow, could not but highly pleaſe *Frederick*, who reſolved to take this opportunity to make a Trial of *Peregrine*'s Conſtancy, beginning to hearken to his Love, who very much inclined him to clear *Peregrine* in his Thoughts, ever ſince he had, without paſſion or prejudice read over and over, thoſe broken Fragments which did pretend a paſſionate Love, from the Woman, but no Perfidiouſneſs in the Man, who after all might never have lov'd her. However, he was reſolved to put *Peregrine* on very ſe-

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If all the Men in your Armies were as expert as you are, at killing of both Sexes, we ſhould have reaſon not to fear for our ſelves only, but for our Wives and Daughters alſo; you are not contented with thoſe Murthers which you have committed at home, but wearied there, with Blood, you are come to exerciſe your Talient amongſt us, alſo; we have had but too woful Examples of it, in the late unfortunate Count Mansfelt, *and ſince that, in the much to be lamented* Clarinda, *whoſe knowledg of your Domeſtick Perfidiouſneſs, has untimely ſnatched away from us. As a Friend to both theſe, I declare my ſelf your Mortal Enemy, who will never have quiet till I have waſhed, with your Blood, thoſe ſtains which muſt render you odious to all Mankind.*

This

and doſt deſign to continue ſo, here is to encourage thee to go on, in ſerving him truly; and now I will tell thee that I am nearly related to that Lady, to whom thou were going with the Letter, and that if thou wilt venture to carry back a Letter to thy Maſter, I ſhall reward thee well for thy pains: Odds-buds, Maſter, anſwered the honeſt blunt Groom, I did fancy ſo much ſo ſoon as I ſaw you, though I never ſaw her, and might my Girdle never hold, if I do not venture my Whizle, at any time for any of you Three; trie me elſe, continued he, do ye but contrive, and drive me forwards, and trie if I don't go. This hearty proffer from ſo blunt a Fellow, could not but highly pleaſe *Frederick*, who reſolved to take this opportunity to make a Trial of *Peregrine*'s Conſtancy, beginning to hearken to his Love, who very much inclined him to clear *Peregrine* in his Thoughts, ever ſince he had, without paſſion or prejudice read over and over, thoſe broken Fragments which did pretend a paſſionate Love, from the Woman, but no Perfidiouſneſs in the Man, who after all might never have lov'd her. However, he was reſolved to put *Peregrine* on very ſe-

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This

This ſhort but ſmart Epiſtle being ſeal'd up, he gave it without Superſcription to the Groom, with ſome Gold, and bid him to get himſelf in a Readineſs, to Sally out the next Night with a Party that was appointed to that purpoſe, and gave him one of the Soldier's Coats to conceal himſelf under, which he might well enough do in the dark; then giving him an handful of Silver, he thus diſmiſſed him.

The following Night, the Garriſon made four falſe Sallies, in one of which, the truſty Groom made a ſhift to get out of the Town, and return to his Maſter, to whom, having given the Letter, he related all that had happened to him ſince his Abſence. You may imagine into what ſurpriſing terrour, a Letter ſo fill'd with horrour, did put him; he was for a long time mute, and as ſtiff as a Stake, without the leaſt Motion, out of which he ſuddainly ſtarted, asking the Groom if he had brought him e're a Letter? There 'tis in your hand, ſaid the Fellow, Thou lieſt, Villain, replied diſtracted *Peregrine*; then looking on the Letter, See, added he, Is this directed to me? Holding it to the poor trembling Fellow;

Alack,

Alack, Sir, I cannot read, not I, ſaid the Groom, but I am ſure that he who gave it me, bid me to deliver it into your own hands. Why, who am I, Dog? Said poor *Peregrine*; my Maſter, Sir, I think, anſwered the Fellow, but I think ſtrangely chang'd. I'll go ask what is the matter, added he, with that he ſlipt out of the Chamber, and left *Peregrine* alone, to deſcant upon that ſevere Letter, where we will leave him for ſome ſmall ſpace, to inform you of what was become of the Count, and of *Mariana*.

As for the Count he had been ſo carefully look'd after, that he was perfectly recovered of his Wound, but not of that extream Weakneſs, which that vaſt quantity of Blood he had loſt, had brought upon him; he, and his Friends, were reſolved not to give over that Buſineſs ſo, but to have a full revenge, ſo ſoon as they could but hear where *Peregrine* was retired; to that purpoſe, they had made all the inquiries they could poſſible, from the Servants at the Caſtle; as alſo, of the Chirurgeon. They had learnt, that he was an *Engliſh* Man, *Peregrine* by Name, that he deſign'd to paſs the Campaign, in the Confederates Army, and they believed,

ved, that without doubt, he was retired there; but they would not attempt any thing againſt him, to the prejudice of the Count's Honour; wherefore, they but ſtaid till the Count was in Condition to call *Peregrine* to an Account himſelf.

As for *Mariana*, ſhe had been ſo affrighted, and the old Lady alſo, by a Party from the Confederates, who had committed a world of Rudeneſs, that they were retired, Servants and all, to a place Twenty Miles off of the Caſtle; *Mariana* having concluded that it would be as impoſſible to ſend any News to *Clarinda*, as ſhe fear'd *Peregrine* had found it difficult to ſend to her, at the Caſtle; ſhe ſtill continuing in that Confidence, ſhe had of *Peregrine*'s Virtues; wherefore, was willing to attribute his ſilence, to any other Cauſe than his Inconſtancy.

Things were at that paſs, amongſt the Lovers Conſerns, when that the Confederate's Army had made their Approaches, very near to the Town, at 450 Paces from the Counterſcarp, where the Saxons, (amongſt which, *Peregrine* was a Voluntiere) had taken their Poſt, on which the Enemy did Fire continually all that day; and one of their Shot, out of a Falcon,

unfortunately killed, the Prince Palatine, *Frederick William*, who was come, as a Voluntiere, in the Camp; and was, that day, with *Peregrine*, at the head of the *French*; where, alſo, were the Prince Elector, his Brother, and the Grand Maſter of the Tutonick Order. The Body of that unfortunate Prince was carried to *Francfort*, there to be embalmed.

Peregrine, who notwithſtanding all his Afflictions and Grief, would not let paſs any opportunity of ſhewing that he was not come ſo far only to ſee, and to be ſeen, did not omit this occaſion of waiting on the Prince, at the head of the *French*, but did wiſh, a thouſand times, that the Bullet had met with his Head, in liew of the Princes; ſince he had received that fatal Letter, there had not been any dangerous Enterpriſe, but he had been in it, with a purpoſe Deſign of not out-living his dear *Clarinda*, whom he concluded Dead, of which, he counted himſelf the Cauſe; but ſtill he did come off with Honour, his better Fortune reſerving him to injoy his Hearts Deſires: How often did he call himſelf negligent Fool, for not having burnt that fatal *Engliſh* Letter, to which he attributed all his

his Misfortunes, as was intimated, in that which he had received, from an unknown Hand? He was resolved, with the first opportunity, to get into the Town, to inform himself, more at large, and to find out that unknown Person, who had been so severe in his Censure of him. That, of Truth, had been the Occasion of his going on all Parties; but, as yet, he had not met with any opportunity, of accomplishing his Design, which still did distract him more, and more, in so much, that his Friends, and especially, the Count *Zinzendorf*, had divers times inquired what was the matter with him? What Cause of Discontent he had had, which appeared so visibly in his Countenance? And that made him so desperately throw himself into all kind of Dangers? Desiring him to manage himself a little better? But to all these Interrogatories, and Advices, he would make no Answer, nor give his Friends (who were really highly concerned for him) any Satisfaction, so that they were forced to let him take his own Course, giving him over for a lost Man. He still continued deaf, to all their Advices; and he, most impatiently, watch'd for an opportunity of deserting, with

with a Reſolution, in caſe he found *Clarinda* gone, to throw himſelf head long, amongſt the Enemies, and there be ſacrificed, a Victim to her Memory.

Clarinda, or *Frederick*, rather, on the other hand, had a thouſand times wiſh'd he had not ſent ſo ſevere a Letter, which he feared would produce *Peregrine*'s death, his Innocence daily getting ground over *Frederick*'s Indignation; at laſt, not hearing from him, it brought *Frederick* into ſuch an impatiency, that he could no longer reſt, without learning ſomething of his once ſo dearly beloved Preſerver; he had been brought into that violent deſire by the frequent Reflections he had made, on *Peregrine*'s Bravery; concluding with himſelf, that it was impoſſible ſo gallant a Perſon, who had done ſo much for him, could be guilty of ſo horrid a Crime, as he had taxed him with, in his Paſſion: He had tried all means imaginable to ſend ſome body to him, but had found it impoſſible, which had made him take up the brave Reſolution to join in the next Party that ſhould go out, and to get over to the Army, or periſh in the attempt. To accompliſh this, he went a Voluntiere, and joined himſelf to the Horſe-Guard, that

that the Town had ſent forth to front that of the Confederates; and there being no other Action, on that time, on the Confederates ſide; *Peregrine*, rather then do nothing at all, was got amongſt their Horſe Guard. Towards Night, there were ſome Pickeerings, in which divers were killed, on both ſide, amongſt which was one *D' Andlau*, Captain in *Palfe's* Regiment, and divers made Priſoners, on both ſides, amongſt which, *Frederick* was the beſt pleaſed.

It proved luckily for *Frederick*, that he was the Priſoner of one of *Peregrine's* intimate Friends. For this Gentleman, having not heard what was become of *Peregrine*, had ſent to inquire after him; News was brought that he was ſuppoſed to be killed, for his Horſe was found dead, which was known again by his own Groom, but his Body was not yet to be found; ſo it was concluded, that he had quitted his Horſe, and having fought on Foot, and that he might be dropt amongſt the Enemies. This having been told in the preſence of *Frederick*, it cauſed ſuch a ſuddain change in him, that notice was taken of it; and preſently after, he retired into that Room which had

had been allotted for him (for his Ranſom had already been ſet to an hundred Piſtols, to which he had readily agreed.) where having flung himſelf upon a Couch, he gave way to all that paſſion could move in a ſenſible Breaſt. He called himſelf, a thouſand times, a Murtherer, in having writ that cruel Letter, which doubtleſs, was the cauſe of his becoming ſo Careleſs of his Life, as he was reported to be; ſome Servants having taken notice of this great paſſion, in the young Priſoner, they went and acquainted the Officer with it, who, coming near to the Tent Door, heard *Frederick* ſay, unfortunate Woman. The Officer entered haſtily, and going to the Bed, What Woman do you mean? Said he, And what is the cauſe of that great Paſſion you have fallen into, ſince the News of my worthy Friend's Death?

Frederick thought himſelf now abſolutely ruin'd, and remained ſilent for a conſiderable time, not knowing what to ſay. This made the Officer to add, Were you acquainted with him? If ſo, let me know it? If he was a Friend of yours, I aſſure you, you ſhall fare the better for it? *Frederick*, that deſired no longer

longer to live, now he thought *Peregrine* was dead; with a design to urge the Officer to do him some Mischief, thus answered, If you was *Peregrine*'s Friend, you can not do his Memory a greater piece of Service, than to Sacrifice me to it? For, I declare, I was his mortal Enemy, that I writ to him a Letter, which put him into that Dispair, which made him so little to manage his Life, to which I add, that I let my self be taken Prisoner, (as the posture I was found in, might easily shew), being alighted, and amongst your own Party, that I might have his Blood, for having been the Death of a Gentlewoman to whom I am related. Now, Sir, continued he, If you have any respect for your Friend's memory, do what he himself would have done to me, or I had been his Executioner? And seeing the Officer stand as amazed, he added, If it is the loss of my Ransome, detains you from doing that piece of Justice, to your Friend, here is that which will be worth better than an 100 Pistols to you? And with that drew a Jewel out of his Bosome, which he presented to the Officer, but he refused it; and being still more and more surprised, at these strange

things,

things, knew not what to think, and after he had remained a little silent, he thus said, I know not, Young Man, what to think of you; I find you are in a kind of Despair, which makes you seek for relief, in Death, but I am not a Person to take Advantage of any one's Misfortunes. I do not know but that my Friend may have been taken Prisoner, seeing, that though his Horse has been found slain, his body has not been yet discovered; wherefore, I would have you manage your self, till we have a certainty of the matter; not doubting, but that if my Friend lives, he will give you all the Satisfaction that you can receive from a gallant Person: forbear but speaking ill of my worthy Friend, and injoy here all the conveniencies that my Quarters will afford; I will leave you to your self, a dieu, with that the Officer went out of the Tent.

Thus was the poor afflicted *Frederick* left, a Prey to all his Sorrows, with the only small glimpse, which *Peregrine's* Friend had left him, by saying, he might be made a Prisoner; *Frederick*, resolv'd to know the truth of it, out of hand, by escaping into the City, though with the hazard of his Life; with a firm Resolu-

tion to die, if he found not *Peregrine* there a live; he began to be extraordinary sensible of the evil Effects of his Rashness, in sending that fatal Letter, which had been the certain cause of all the Evils that followed upon it, so accounted himself the Murtherer of him, who had twice preserved his Life, and whom he now verily believed to be true, and constant, by the strange effects which those cursed Lines had wrought in him, which made him so carelessly to prostitute his Life, in the greatest dangers, as believing it not worth preserving, after the loss of his *Clarinda*; thus did *Frederick*'s Bosome declare in favour of the unfortunate *Peregrine*, which made him to conclude to kill himself, if he found him not in *Mentz*, designing to get thither the next Night, or to die in the attempt; but the Heavens had ordained otherwise of him, as I am going to relate.

The Confederates did throw abundance of Bombs, every Night, into the City, which fired many Houses; that in which poor wounded Prisoners lay, having been set on Fire, they were forced to be removed, as fast as they could, and they put a wounded Gentleman into a Chamber,

er, at the very next Houſe, which pro-
ed to be in *Frederick*'s own Chamber,
ill they had found ſome other conveni-
ncy for him. *Frederick* having given
ut, when he left his Lodgings, that he
hould not return in three or four days,
ecauſe he was to go to the other end of
he Town, about earneſt buſineſs; he
ad taken the Key of his large Cloſet
ith him, but had left his Chamber
oor open; and this Fire happening in
he Night, they had carried the wounded
entleman in there, as being neareſt at
and, with a deſign to remove him a-
ain, ſo ſoon as the owner of the Cham-
er ſhould return. That Night divers
eſerters got into the Town, and *Frede-*
ick heard that two or three *French* Offi-
ers had gotten in at noon day, that
ave him hopes of having as good a ſuc-
ſs in his attempt; in theſe hopes he
alks out to take a little Air, as he pre-
nded, but it was to obſerve which way
e ſhould attempt to put in Execution his
eſign.

As he was thus walking penſive alone,
e perceived a ſmall Party, riding up to-
ards him; he, who had no mind to be
en, ſtept a little out of the way, that

they might pass him unregarded; but, as the company was got close to him, he thought he knew one of their Voices, he looked suddainly up, and perceiving that it was Count *Mansfeilt*, he presently turned his Head another way, and observed which way they were marching, and saw them go into that Tent which belonged to the Officer that had taken him. The Count being now perfectly recovered of his Wounds, and Weakness, and having learnt where *Peregrine* was entertained, had been with his Kinsman, Count *Zinzendorf*, to demand Justice of him, against a Stranger, who had wronged him, and taken something from him, whom he protected. The Count, who was related to *Mansfeilt*, received him very Courteously, and assured him of all the Services that lay in his power; but told him, withal, that he had had so many Proofs of that Gentleman's bravery, and generous Temper, whom he accus'd, that none but his Kinsman could suspect, without offending him; that he hoped he was mistaken in the Person, and that to be satisfied in that, he himself would conduct his Kinsman, to his Friends Quarters, having not heard of him in two days:

days: They were going to seek after *Peregrine*, when *Frederick* did take notice of them. It enter'd into *Frederick*'s Head, that the Count came not there for any good to *Peregrine*, which made him (though *Peregrine* was far from thence, if he was at all) to have a Desire of knowing the nature of the Count's Business. He therefore walks back, softly after, and getting in by the back-way of the Tent, waited to hear what would be said.

He had looked on the young Count, as the first Cause of all his, and of *Peregrine*'s Misfortunes, and even of his Death, if he was slain: This had bred such an hatred in his Breast, towards the Count, that he wished he could be the Death of him; wherefore, very far from ever receiving him into Favour again. Being thus prepossest, he heard the Officer relate how *Peregrine* had been lost, and that he had a young Prisoner, who he had taken that Night, that had declared he had permitted himself to be taken, but to be brought where *Peregrine* was, that he might kill him, for being the Death of a Kinswoman of his. He is very desperate, added the Officer, and

Careleſs of his Life, expreſſes much Courage, though very young. Upon this, the Count ſaid, That it was not he alone who complained of *Peregrine*'s Unworthineſs; and that beſides that Gentlewoman, for whoſe Death he was accuſed, he believed, that the Death of another Lady might be laid to his Charge alſo, of whom no News was to be had, and who doubtleſs he had made away, it may be, after he had had his Pleaſure of her. Here, *Frederick* could not any longer forbear, but ruſhing into the Tent, addreſſed himſelf to the Count, with a ſtern Countenance, and his Hand upon his Sword. Thou lieſt Count, cried he, aloud, in the Relation thou giveſt of *Peregrine*, and becauſe he is not here to juſtifie himſelf of thoſe baſe and falſe Accuſations, I come to vindicate him in the preſence of all theſe; therefore draw, added he, and with that, drew his Sword, and run at the Count: The Count had but time to draw, and making a paſs, gave a ſlight Wound to *Frederick*'s Hand, and diſarmed him, before any could come into them. They were parted, and *Frederick* put out of the Tent, and every Body remained in a maze, at the raſh,

and

and desperate Actions, of so young a Youth; but, above all, the Officer was strangely surpriſed to see one who had declar'd was come to kill *Peregrine*, espouse, with so much fiercenes, his Interest, in so rashly exposing his Life to maintain *Peregrine*'s Reputation.

Mean time, *Frederick* was glad he had been put out, before he had been discovered by any there; and for fear of being called to an account, for this Action, before the Count, who might, at last, know him, he went his way, telling some Servants, he met, that he was going to seek some Chirurgeon to dress his Hand. Of Truth, the Count began to entertain some Ideas of that Face, which persuaded him he had seen it somewhere before; and upon that he had desired that Person should be brought in again, that he might have a more full view of him; but he was gone, and was not found by any at that time. All this did still breed more Suspition in the Count, and Wonders in the Beholders; he, at last, with pondring much upon the knowledge of that Face, did really conclude, that this was none but *Clarinda*, in a Disguise; but, on what account, could not imagine; he had but

too well found that *Peregrine* had rendered himſelf abſolute Maſter of *Clarinda's* Heart, he fear'd, beyond all the Art he had to reclaim it again; yet, he was loth to abſolutely give over the purſuite; he found he ſtill had the ſame Love and Affection for her, but had great reaſon to believe ſhe hated him, witneſs her late Action; in this Agitation of Spirit, he knew not what to reſolve, nor indeed, what to ſay to his Friends: He thought that if he could but once more ſet his Eye upon her, he would haunt her Day and Night, rather than not receive ſome favourable anſwer from her: In this Reſolution, he takes his leave of Count *Zinzendorf*, and of the other Officer, and with thoſe Friends that he had brought along with him, returns, with a deſign to ſeparate, and all go in ſearch after her, ſeveral ways, and in caſe *Peregrine* was dead (as it was believed) never to abandon her, till he had gained her good Will; but in caſe he ſhould ſtill be living, either to kill, or be killed, by him, finding it impoſſible for him to live, without the Poſſeſſion of *Clarinda*. He thus ſent his Friends ſeveral ways to ſeek her, amongſt her own Relations, and at the Caſtle, but re-

reſerves to himſelf, to ſearch the whole Camp after her.

Frederick having got as far as the *Lorrain* Attack, he perceived a *French* Party, of about 400 Foot, that appeared within a mile of the Trenches, he deſigned, at firſt, to have run amongſt them, but they preſently diſappeared again, ſo remain'd fruſtrated of that deſign; ſome time after, it rained very hard, which made *Frederick* to ſeek for ſome ſhelter; as he was ſo doing, he perceived a Woman, at ſome diſtance, that crept on all four, whom he concluded to be ſome Spie, or ſome Carrier of Intelligence; he, after the ſame manner, got to her, before ſhe had eſpied him; when, finding it was too late for her to endeavour her eſcape, ſhe turned towards him, fell on her Knees, and beſought him to ſpare her Life, promiſing that ſhe would never more ſtir out of the Town; this ſhe did, believing verily that ſhe was diſcovered to be a Spie, and that *Frederick* had come that way, and had ventured ſo near the Shot of the Town, but to ſeize on her. Some few Shots, indeed, were made at them, while *Frederick* bid her not to fear, that he would do her no hurt. So ſoon as ſhe had his pro-

miſe, ſhe called to a black Dog of hers, that was not far from thence, which being perceived by thoſe on the Ramparts, that had Shot at them before, they preſently ceaſed firing. *Frederick* asked the Woman how he might get into the Town, ſhe judging, by that, that he was ſome Deſerter, plucked up a good Heart, and told him, that if he pleaſed to have patience a while, he ſhould ſee her get in, and that he might after do the like, if he pleaſed; all this time they being got into a little hollow, that covered them from the Camp, though not from the Town; ſhe told him that ſhe had uſed this Trade daily, ever ſince the Town had been Beſieged, and that ſhe had never been ſurpriſed; that in caſe ſhe ſhould be at any time taken, that nothing might be found about her, that could prejudice her, ſhe roll'd up her Intelligence, in a piece of Parchment, and put that Parchment in a piece of Gut, which ſhe gave to her Dog to carry, and that he had been uſed to follow her, at a great diſtance; that when ſhe came near the Gate, ſhe would ſlip her ſelf into her little Hut, that was cloſe by the Centry, by the back Door, and open the fore Door, in which her

her Dog would come; that ſo ſoon as he was got in, ſhe would lock him up, feed him well, and then would go, and deliver her Intelligence to the Governour; and that, by ſo doing, ſhe had got the Character of being a Witch, that uſed to go in, and out of the Town, in the ſhape of a black Dog; that ſhe had a Piſtol every time, and that all that mounted the Guard, had Orders not to Shoot any Dog. Not long after this, at a ſign that was given, ſhe went ſidling towards the Town, her Dog ſtill remaining in the ſame place; ſhe bid *Frederick* to follow the Dog, who would not go faſt, ſo ſoon as he ſhould ſee him move. It proved as the Woman had ſaid, when ſhe was got about an hundred yards, from the Dog, the Dog took up the piece of Gut, which lay by him, and followed the Woman, ſtill keeping the ſame diſtance behind her. *Frederick*, perceiving this, began to follow the Dog, thereby, expoſing himſelf wholly to the Towns Shot, but there was not one made at him; thus little by little, taking a ſmall compaſs, ſtill tending towards the Gate *Gaw*; where, at laſt, being come, they were both let in; at the Foot of the Rampart, ſhe had

made

made a halt, at which the Dog had done the like; but *Frederick* advanced, after ſhe had given him a ſign. Thus did *Frederick* get into the Town again, without any great hazard; he gave the Woman a Piſtol, and then went towards his old Lodgings, which were almoſt at the other end of the Town: They had ſeen ſix or ſeven *French* Officers, well mounted, who had endeavoured to get into the Town, at a conſiderable diſtance from them; *Frederick*, at firſt, though on Foot, wiſh'd himſelf amongſt them, but ſeeing two of them drop, he took the Woman's Advice, and did not follow the reſt, who got ſafe in.

Frederick, after his wonted Cuſtom, ſo ſoon as he got into that Houſe, where he lodged, was going into his Chamber, without ſpeaking to any body; but his Landlady called, and told him, that his Chamber was taken up, by ſuch an Accident, which ſhe related to him, but that the Party ſhould preſently be removed; mean time, a Servant was gone to bid the wounded Gentleman prepare to be removed, which News he received with much diſguſt, fearing the prejudice which another diſturbance would produce

duce to his Wound; he desired therefore, that he might first speak with the Gentleman that owned the Chamber; *Frederick*, hearing that, went in. Sir, said the Sick Man, to him, You see, a poor wounded Prisoner; I am a Gentleman, continued he, and if, besides the Ransom I am to pay, I can purchase my stay here, till I am in a better Condition to remove, spake but your demands, and I will procure it you. *Frederick*, pitying the poor Gentleman's Condition, whom he guest to be very ill, by the faintness of his Voice, made answer, that he knew how to be civil even to his Enemies, that he should remain there so long as he pleased, and trouble himself no further; with that, *Frederick*, shutting the Bed-Curtains close, bid him take his rest, and went immediately out of the House again, in the design of employing some Persons, to go in every part of the Town, and inquire after a Gentleman Prisoner, taken such a day, and supposed to be brought in wounded, his Horse having been shot under him. *Frederick* having resolved to remain in the Closet, all that day, and the next, where there was a little Couch; he got

a

a Bottle of Wine, another of Water, and ſome Bisket, with which he retired into the Cloſet, without having been perceived of any Body, no not ſo much as by the Sick Man, who knew of no Cloſet, and when he heard any noiſe, ſuppoſed it to be ſome Servant, who was going in and out; thus did *Frederick* lock himſelf into his Cloſet, for that time, having told the Perſons whom he had employed, on the ſearch after *Peregrine*, that he would meet them, at ſuch a certain place, two days after.

In the Night time, as *Frederick* lay on his Couch, he heard great complaints, and having hearkened to them, he found it was the Sick Man, who was lamenting his hard Fate. What vaſt difference, ſaid he, do I find, betwixt the Wounds of the Body, and thoſe of the Mind! How inſenſible I am of the firſt, when, my Miſeries preſent themſelves to my thoughts! And, what Balm have I to allay the ſmart of the laſt, but this poor Relick of that fair Saint, which my Soul did Adore! How dare I look on it? What Advantage can I expect from it? After what I have made the Original to ſuffer; Thou ſweet repreſenter of all my paſt Joys, I would

would not part with thee for leſs than the Original; the whole World is of leſs value to me, than this dead Idea of that which with me was all in all. Why do I live ſtill, ſo long as ſhe's no more? Well, a ſhort time ſhall put an end to all my Miſeries; I will follow in death, ſhe who I have ſent before, by my inconſiderateneſs; and ſeeing I am deprived of her dear Converſation in this Life, I will endeavour to injoy it in the next, ſo ſoon as my ſlight Wound will but permit me to ſacrifice my life to thoſe dear Aſhes; mean time I muſt continue miſerable. Oh Heavens! After this there was a great ſilence, which continuing, *Frederick* open'd the Cloſet Door, without the leaſt noiſe, and approaching little by little, towards the Bed, and finding that the Gentleman was fallen faſt aſleep, he ventur'd to ſearch upon it for the Picture that had lately been mention'd; but hearing ſome noiſe at the Chamber-Door, that made him to retire again, to lock himſelf up, and to defer his curioſity, till ſome other convenient time.

It was that Officer who had taken *Peregrine* Priſoner, who having learnt that day, by a Deſerter, that the Beſiegers de-

deſigned very ſuddainly to give a general Aſſault, was come to bid his Priſoner provide the 100 Piſtoles for his Ranſome: To which the Chyrurgeon that was with him, added, That now he was almoſt well, he deſired he ſhould alſo ſend for Money to pay his Charges. This was ſomething ſurpriſing to *Peregrine*, who made no anſwer; which made the Quarter-Maſter ſay, That he did not know how Fortune might order the day; and that he was loath to loſe ſo much Money, which might ſerve for a Ranſome for himſelf, ſhould he have the Fortune to be made a Priſoner; and bidding *Peregrine* imploy ſome body about it, the next day at the fartheſt, he went huffing out of the Chamber. *Peregrine*, who had not ſpoke one Word all the while, but anſwered with Sighs, then ſaid, Here is ſome comfort yet, this want of a Ranſome may invite this greedy man to ſend me to my dear *Clarinda*. Oh! that Name has ſtill ſuch Charms in it, that it puts life in me when I hear it ſound: She was too forward, too credulous, too ——— Ah! Fatal *Iſabella*; Thou haſt carried home thy Revenge againſt me, for ſlighting of thy Love; my time to Love

was

was not yet come; *Clarinda* was oblig'd to gather the first Fruits of my Affections; but how dear she has paid for it, is the subject of my eternal Grief. After these, and divers others regrets, he remained silent.

Frederick, who had heard all, being now intirely convinced, that this Person was her dear *Peregrine*, and that he was blameless, and never lov'd any other but him, he resolved to put an end to both their Afflictions in a short time, but would do it with the greatest surprize that could be imagined, having so fair an opportunity to do it; and to begin, he roll'd up two several Papers, containing each an hundred Pistoles, then writ what follows.

Your good Angel, to preserve your Life, and compose your Spirits, has provided what Gold you have occasion for; and in requital of it, has deprived you of the renewer of your grief. Still live in hope it is Clarinda's *Ghost will have it so.*

After this, having watched till he was asleep, he came softly to the Bedside, and having laid the two Papers of Gold close to his Pillow, was groping for the

the Picture, he felt him to move, then heard him ſigh, which had put him by from ſeeking any farther, for fear of being diſcovered; but as he was taking up his hand, he found his Fingers intangled, which prov'd to be the Ribbon belonging to the Picture; he preſently took it up, and retired ſoftly, unperceived, and juſt as he was getting into the Cloſet, he heard *Peregrine* ſay, Divine *Clarinda*; at which he could not forbear anſwering, in a low voice, Conſtant *Peregrine*. Ha! What's that I hear? cry'd out *Peregrine*, in a ſtrange ſurpriſe, having he knew not how got ſitting in the Bed, which he had not done e'er ſince his Wound before; then he hearkned very attentively for a time, after which he laid himſelf down again, ſaying, with a great ſigh, 'twas but a Dream, but very pleaſing to me; after which, he again remain'd ſilent. So ſoon as Day began to permit him to ſee, he was again at his exerciſe of ſighing, and going to order his Pillow, he felt ſomething heavy, lye cloſe to his Head; he laid his hand upon it, took it up, and found it to be the rolls of Gold, lapt up in a ſheet of Paper, in which *Frederick* had writ thoſe few Lines. *Peregrine*, in great ſurprize,

prize, open'd the sheet of Paper, and there read what had been writ: This did wonderfully amaze him; he could not imagine how this relief should come so unexpected to him; he busied his Thoughts a thousand ways to find out the right cause; and all he could imagine that came nearest to it was, that Count *Zinzendorf*, having found out that he was a Prisoner in *Mentz*, had (he knew not how) convey'd that Relief to him: But then, how should he come to the knowledge of his concerns with *Clarinda*, and that he had her Picture, he having never discovered to any Person one title of the whole Transaction, that he could not dive into; he only conjectur'd that *Mariana* might have sent a Letter to him, which mention'd all those particulars; and that in his absence his Friends might have open'd it, to learn how far it concern'd him: then feeling for the Picture, and finding it gone, he was in as great a concerne at all these surprising things unknown to him, admiring how it was possible he should be seiz'd with so profound a Sleep, as not to be awaken'd; then sure, said he, these People will come again when I am not asleep, and give me some Information of

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the whole Event: He was thus canvaſſing the buſineſs in his Mind, when he heard the tuning of an Inſtrument, as it were in ſome other Room of the Houſe; he liſtened, and was ſurpriſed more than ever, to hear thoſe Verſes he had made on his accidental ſaving of *Clarinda*, ſung to a Theorbo-Lute. Theſe were all Inchantments to him; and the moſt probable conjecture he could make of it, was that certainly it was *Mariana* who had done all this; but how ſhe ſhould come there, find him out, learn his particular wants, and all the reſt, was a Miracle to him. So ſoon as the Song was ended, he ſtrove ſo much that he reach'd a Shooe, with which he made a ſhift to knock ſo loud, that ſome of the Servants came to him. He ask'd them who had been there? They anſwered him, they were certain no body had been in the Chamber ſince the Quarter-Maſter and the Chyrurgeon had been there; becauſe the laſt going out had double-lock'd the Door, and given the Key to his Miſtreſs, from whom he had juſt now received it, to come in to him.

This could not but ſtrangely diſorder *Peregrine*, who ask'd the Fellow whether there was not ſome other way into his Chamber. The Fellow, who was but newly in that ſervice, anſwered, he knew not, that he did not believe there was, and that he would ſee: with that he walk'd round the Chamber, then told him he could ſee no other Door: with which anſwer poor *Peregrine* was forc'd to reſt ſatisfied; and the Servant having ask'd him what he wanted; *Peregrine* told him, He wanted now the Quarter-Maſter to pay him his Ranſome, and the Chyrurgeon alſo, to diſcharge him, and all the reſt of his Ingagements; for I have been ſufficiently ſupply'd this Night, continued he, but by what means. Then he purſued, Has no Gentleman been lately entertained in this Houſe? No, anſwered the Servant; but there were two went yeſterday away. So *Peregrine* finding himſelf, after all theſe Interrogations, as much in the dark as ever, he ſent the Servant away.

Frederick was once giving himſelf to be plainly diſcovered, and was in great fears when the Fellow walk'd about the Chamber, but when he found he was gone, he re-

reſolved to purſue his deſign to the laſt: he, upon that, concluded to continue one Night longer in his concealment, though he began to be very weary of living on Bisket and Sweet-Meats, which was all the Food he had had ſince his retirement, with the addition of a Glaſs of Wine, with which he ſometimes refreſhed himſelf.

Some time after, the Quarter Maſter return'd with the Chyrurgeon, and were encountred by the Miſtreſs of the Houſe, who giving them the Key of *Peregrine's* Chamber, told them, That now they needed not to fear the Priſoner, for he had Gold enough to ſatisfie all demands, as the Servant had informed her, but that no body knew how it came to him, ſeeing he had been lock'd up ever ſince they had laſt been there. The Quarter-Maſter began to prick up his Ears, and ſaid, all that is mine; for when I took him, all he had was mine, and he muſt needs have concealed all that Gold about him: He muſt provide for another Ranſome beſides this, continued he, for this I will ſeize on as my due. Hold there, reply'd the Chyrurgeon, I will not loſe my ſhare of it, be he ten times your Priſoner; while he

he has Money I will be ſatisfied for my Pains, Cares, and all the Charges I have been at. And why ſhould I loſe any thing, ſaid the Landlady, he has had attendance, and all the Houſe could afford, I am ſure, ever ſince he was removed here; and it is but reaſonable I ſhould be paid. The Quarter-Maſter, to avoid thoſe broils, being greedy of the Money, went into *Peregrine*'s Chamber, but was follow'd cloſe at the Heels by the Chyrurgeon, and the Land-lady. I am glad, cry'd *Peregrine*, (ſeeing them come in,) that you are here, for now I have wherewith to ſatisfie you all. Hold a little, pray not ſo faſt, ſaid the Quarter-Maſter, all you have is mine, continued he, as being conceal'd about you, when I made you Priſoner. If you could prove that, ſaid *Peregrine*, it were ſomething, though not quite as you would have it neither; for there has an agreement paſt ſince betwixt us, that I ſhould have my full liberty in paying you an hundred Piſtoles, which I am now ready to do; but beſide, I can aſſure you, that I have received it of late. You could not, ſince I was here, ſaid the Quarter-Maſter; you did not mention yeſterday that you had any ſuch

thing

thing in readineſs: How came you by this Money? To which *Peregrine* made Anſwer, that he had parted with a Rich Picture, for that Money, that he might be ſet at Liberty; which Picture, you have ſeveral times ſeen me ſigh over, added he, addreſſing to the Chyrurgeon, and which I priſed much more than all this Gold. I remember, ſaid the Chyrurgeon, that I have often chid you, for putting your ſelf into paſſions, with gazing too much on it; and really, in my opinion, ſeeing it was left you ſo long after you had been here, I think you may in Juſtice make the beſt Advantage you can of it. The Quarter-Maſter, perceiving that they were all againſt him, yielded, for the preſent, and was contented to receive the hundred Piſtols, but not without giving a Diſcharge to his Priſoner, which he did at laſt, with great difficulty; that being done, *Peregrine* paid off his Chyrurgeon, upon Condition, that he ſhould, from time to time, viſit him, and furniſh him with ſuch Plaiſters and Salves, as he ſhould want, till he was able to return to the Camp; this was freely aſſented to: Next, the Landlady was ſatisfied, in all ſhe demanded, and *Peregrine* inquiring

ring after the Gentleman, who had ſo generouſly quitted his Chamber to him. The Woman told him, ſhe had not heard from him ſince, but that ſhe knew he would return again, becauſe he had a great many Goods ſtill in the Houſe. *Peregrine* ſaid, he long'd to return him Thanks; and ask'd the Chyrurgeon how long it would be before he might riſe, and ſet his Foot to the Ground. I was going to tell you Sir, reply'd he, That if you find your ſelf without great pain when you move it in Bed, or when you feel it with your hand, you may venture to riſe, and for ſome time keep it upon a Stool, ſometimes reſting it on the Floor. Very well, reply'd *Peregrine*; upon which they all took leave of him, and left him to himſelf.

I told you how the young Count *Mansfelt* had ſeparated himſelf from all the reſt of his Friends, in order to ſearch the whole Camp after *Clarinda*; for he concluded that ſhe muſt needs be there; he thought ſhe could not be far neither, becauſe he had unfortunately wounded her. He therefore deſign'd to act as a Volunteer, and to ingage in ſome warm Action. He was in ſome deſpair alſo, ſince he had

ſeen with what fierceneſs *Clarinda* had ta-
ken *Peregrine*'s Intereſt; he was vext for
having ſpoken ill of him before her. The
hurt he had given her was not much to
his advantage neither; he had no other
hopes therefore, but in what the Officer
had related; That his young Priſoner
confeſs'd he hated *Peregrine*, and was
come into the Camp, on purpoſe to kill
him: He built his hopes barely upon that
weak bottom, which in time he hoped
might again reclaim her.

The whole Army was getting in a rea-
dineſs for a general Aſſault, which they
deſign'd to begin at the covered way;
the ſignal being given by the diſcharge of
three Canons, and one Bomb that broke
in the Air. The young Count took this
opportunity to do ſome Action worthy
himſelf, and the fair *Clarinda*; ſo he put
himſelf amongſt the Voluntiers: They
all March to the Aſſault, with that un-
dauntedneſs and courage, that the Ene-
my not being able to endure the on-ſet,
immediately gave way, at the Imperial,
the Saxon, and the Bavarian Attacks.
The Enemy, a while after, having ral-
lied, and taken new Poſts on both ſides,
as well as in Front, their Firing was ſo
great

great and continual, during ſome Hours, that it is impoſſible to apprehend the leaſt Idea of it. The Confederate Army was near two Hours expoſed to all their Enemies Shot, without any covering on the Glacis, joining to the Palliſadoes, not being able to ſhelter it ſelf, by reaſon of the Enemies continual Firing upon them, which they endured with a world of bravery; till at laſt, the Beſieged being broken, and preſſed upon on all ſides, they were forced to give way, but not till they had ſprung a Mine, which involv'd a great number of Men, and four Colours in its Mines; whereupon the Beſiegers took their Poſt on the very brink of the Ditch.

All the following Night was taken up in continual Skirmiſhes; the Count had behaved himſelf ſo bravely, that particular notice had been taken of him, but he was not to be found neither amongſt the living nor the dead: He was changing Ground to come where the warmeſt Skirmiſhes was, he over-took two Horſe-men that were running from him towards the Gate *Altmunſter*; he diſmounted the one, and took the other Priſoner, who readily yielded upon Quarters for Life. The Count

was going to deliver his Prisoner into Custody, that he might have some more Skirmishes, when he was surrounded with a small party of Horse, that were getting into the Town, who took him along with them, and his Prisoner also, and bestowed them both safe for the rest of that Night.

The Count had not been much troubled, had he had the charming *Clarinda* with him: But the other Prisoner seemed very much concerned, and did all he could not to be seen; they had a Room alotted them, with a Bed in it, and a Centry sat over them. The Count threw himself on the Bed, and asked his Fellow Prisoner, whither he would do the same, adding, that if he had not been retaken from him, he had found him a Generous Enemy; the other returned him thanks, saying, he had more a mind to sit up, still turning his Face, that the Count might not see it. The Count, a while after, cried out, ha! dear *Clarinda*, that you were but here safe and well. Those Words confirmed the other Prisoner, in the opinion, that he knew the Count; so that afterwards he was more shie than ever of shewing his Face; there we will

leave

leave them for a short time, to return to the amazed *Peregrine*, that could not yet reconcile himself to those surprising Accidents, that so lately had happened to him; still did his mind run on *Marianas* being there, concealed, unwilling he should know of her, concluding, that none but she, or his dear *Clarinda*, returned from the dead, could act as had been done. *Clarinda*, dear *Clarinda*! then cried he out, If it is thy Spirit that is still so Officious to me after Death, bless me but with one short sight of thee, I am sure thou canst not assume any shape can affright thy distracted *Peregrine*; but if I could behold thee with all those real Charms about thee, which thou once wore, though they were now but mere Delusions, I should die with Excess of Joy! Thus was he continuing in his Transports, when News was brought him that divers Prisoners had been taken in the last Assault, but that the Enemy had posted themselves very Advantagious, and had repulsed the besieged very far. *Peregrine*, who had given those Orders, that when they heard of any Prisoners, they should give him notice; sent the Servant to make inquiry of their Names, as well as

he could, and that to oblige them to declare their Names, they ſhould ſay it was one *Peregrine* deſired it.

Amongſt the other places, that this Meſſenger was at, he came to that, where the Count was, with his Fellow Priſoner, where he found them both very unwilling to tell their Names, till after he had named *Peregrine*, he obſerved the Count to riſe off of the Bed, and ſay, how, *Peregrine*? Where is that Perſon? Who anſwered, not far in the Town, and then began to tell the Count all that he knew of him, adding, that certainly he was a Devil, or ſome Conjurer, for, ſaid he, when he was locked up in his Chamber, without one farthing towards his Ranſome of an hundred Piſtols. The next Morning, when the Door was opened, he had two hundred Piſtols, with which he diſcharged all he owed, and now remains full of Gold, which it is thought the Devil brings to him, by the Window, or down the Chimney. This did not a little trouble the Count, but the other Priſoner, was not leſs concerned at this Narrative, yet would not diſcover his Surpriſal before the Count, but taking the opportunity, when the Meſſenger was going

going out, he desired him to tell the Gentleman, that there was a Prisoner, who belonged to a Lady, named *Clarinda*, that would be glad to see him, if he could contrive it. The Messenger, well satisfied with what he had done, returned home, and gave *Peregrine* an Account of his discovery: *Peregrine*, had no sooner heard the charming word *Clarinda*, but he immediately sent back the Messenger, rewarding him well, and charged him to know what Ransome was set upon that Prisoner; he went, and returned not long after, to tell *Peregrine*, that fifty Pistols, payed presently, would set him free; they were immediately sent, and the Prisoner set at Liberty, to go where he pleased, who went along with the Messenger, to *Peregrine*'s Lodging; and the Count having lost his Companion, was left Disconsolate, all alone. The fear of having the Town taken by Storm, was the Cause of this Prisoner's going off with ready Money; for it was verily believed that such another Assault would certainly carry it.

The late Prisoner being brought into *Peregrine*'s Chamber, he got to his Bedside, and began to return him thanks,

for the Ranſome he had been ſo kind to pay for him; aſſuring him, that ſo ſoon as *Clarinda* ſhould come to the knowledg of it, ſhe would return it him with hearty thanks, becauſe he was a Servant, for whom *Clarinda* had always a particular Kindneſs. At this, *Peregrine*, fetching a deep ſigh from the bottom of his Heart, anſwered, Then do your Office, repay me of your Ranſome, in ſending me immediately to wait on that fair Saint, you juſt now named; and to invite you the more to do that piece of ſingular Service, to the Memory of your dear Miſtreſs, know, I have murthered her, at that the Perſon ſtarted, and cried, Heavens forbid! Yes, replied *Peregrine*, I am an expert Murtherer, I need no Weapons, nor Poiſons, to act with all, I can do it with a bare Letter, nay, even when I have no ſuch Thoughts, Miſchief is ſo natural to me. Pray recollect your ſelf, replied *Clarindas* Servant, you ſpeak as if you were not well, in your Mind; Whence do you derive that fancy of *Clarindas* Death? Is it becauſe you have not heard from her lately? Or, do you believe that you are dead in her Heart, and that conſequently ſhe may be counted dead as to you?

you? If any ſuch thing were, I yet might live and hope; *Peregrine* anſwered, but ſhe is really dead; Oh, unſpeakable Grief! I have it from good Hands, a Friend of the unfortunate Count; therefore, an Enemy to me, has certified it to me; and, upon that, has vowed my Death, but is not ſo kind as to come and give it me; but now, you are here, do that which Juſtice, Revenge, and Duty, ought to prompt you to, Kill, kill, that miſerable Wretch, that has had the Confidence to ſurvive her ſo long. *Clarinda's* Servant, at theſe Words, let himſelf fall upon the Bed, ſaying, in a low voice, unfortunate *Clarinda*, and miſerable *Mariana*; Die *Mariana*, why ſhouldſt thou live to hear ſuch doleful News, with that, he ſounded quite away; at thoſe laſt Words, *Peregrine*, who was ſet up, in his Bed, looking ſtedfaſt on the Perſon's Face, *Mariana*, ſaid he, take a little of this to ſtay thee, till thou takeſt me along with thee, giving her a little Cordial, out of a Bottle, which he had by him; after which, he did all he could beſides, to recover her, without the Aſſiſtance of any body elſe, becauſe of her Sex. *Frederick* had over-heard all, and was ſo moved at his

dear *Marianas* Trouble, that he was coming out to discover himself, when he heard her fetch a great sigh; after which, she came to her self again, saying, Pray Heavens you may have been abused; that Happiness cannot be hoped for, replied *Peregrine*, I should certainly have heard of her, I that have sought her in all places. At this, *Mariana* did shed a flood of Tears, and *Peregrine* sent forth whole gales of Sighs; after which, *Peregrine* gave *Mariana* an Account of all his Actions, since his Absence; and how oft he had sought Death, but was not so happy as to meet with it: Heavens forbid, said *Mariana*, poor *Clarindas* Death, added she, is more to be attributed to her Passion, and Rashness, than to your Cruelty; and I must confess, that my Imprudence, has been Instrumental also; with that, she gave him an Account of all that had happened to *Clarinda*, and to her self, since *Clarindas* departure. Thus, after a long Discourse, what with Grief, and Weariness, poor *Mariana*, fell a sleep, at *Peregrine's* Beds Feet, which obliged him to do the like, not long after.

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This silence did somewhat appease *Frederick*'s disturbed Mind, at both those dear Friends Afflictions: He was very desirous to Accomplish what he had begun, and did hope that they would continue their Sleep, till Night, at which time, he intended to perform the last act of his Tragicomedy; and from that time, he began to prepare himself for it, and it luckily happened that they both did sleep, till there was Candles brought into the Chamber, that did awake *Peregrine*, who gave order that no noise should be made, and that a Fowl should be got ready for Supper; as for *Mariana*, she slept on till Supper was brought up, she having had no sleep, in two Nights before; and *Peregrine* would by no means disturb her, but let her awake of her self. He invited her to eat, but she excused her self, telling him, that she never more should enjoy her self; he could not so much as make her drink a Glass of Wine; thus they both sate, *Peregrine*, in the Bed, and *Mariana*, on the side of it, looking dolefully, on each other, not knowing what to say; Ah! That my dear *Clarinda* was here, at last, said *Mariana*, then you would have no cause to invite me to eat,

or

or drink; that is a bit ſhe uſed to love, added ſhe, pointing at ſome part of the Fowl; her Ghoſt, would ſuffice me, ſaid *Peregrine*, or, at leaſt, that ſweet Picture, which is vaniſhed from me. *Frederick*, hearing this, came ſoftly, and laid the Picture upon the Bed; a little while after, *Peregrine*, having leaned towards *Mariana*, till his Arm ak'd, turn'd, to ſit up, and ſaw the Picture lie before him; he takes it up, kiſſes it, and cried, ſee *Mariana*, the Heavens grow kind, and have ſent me my Deſires: Heavens! How comes this to paſs? Replied, poor *Mariana*, as affrighted, ſure, you had not look'd for it well! 'Tis like, it has never been off of the Bed, but ingaged in ſome of the foldings of the Bed-Cloths; none of all that, dear *Mariana*, replied *Peregrine*, this Paper left in the room of it, with the Gold, expreſſes otherwiſe, read it; he gave her the Paper, in which ſhe read, as he had done before; then, ſhe added, ſure, this is her own hand, or I am the moſt miſtaken in the World! Why may not her Hand be imitated, added *Peregrine*, as well as Bodies be aſſumed by kind obliging Spirits, and appear? The one is as feaſible, as the other; thoſe

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are ſtrange things, *Mariana*, continued he: they much ſurpriſe me, ſaid *Mariana*, who ſtood in a kind of Amazement; How would you be then, ſaid *Peregrine*, if her ſweet Ghoſt, ſhould inſtantly appear? Ah! would it would; yet, no, added he, it would affright you too much: No, I believe not, anſwered *Mariana*, I know not what it might do, if I was alone, but you being here: ——— Drink to me, *Mariana*, drink her Health, I'll pledg it, though 'twas Poiſon, ſaid *Peregrine*,——— He was going to proceed, when *Clarinda*, appeared, coming up cloſe to the little Table, by the Bed-ſide, on which the Supper was laid.

She had put a Linnen Cloth, over her Head, which hung over her Face, down to her upper Lip; and ſhe had put over that, a large white Sheet, which ſhe had tied of a bunch, at the top of her Head, which covered her all over, but the Face; ſhe had, beſides, a Glaſs of Wine, in each Hand; ſhe ſtood a while, without moving, before them, at which, *Mariana*, wrapt her ſelf round, in the Curtain, making a great ſhriek; but *Peregrine* ſat gazing, with a Countenance that expreſſed a great diſorder; after that, *Clarinda*, who

who had ſtood without motion, ſtooped towards *Peregrine*, offering one of the Glaſſes of Wine, which he refuſed to take, pulling himſelf back; with that, ſhe ſat one of the Glaſſes on the Table, then ſtanding up ſtreight, Is this the Man, ſaid ſhe, would drink my Health, in Poiſon? Why have I diſturbed my ſweet reſt, in hopes to ſee ſuch conſtancy, after Death, in one I loved, and be thus diſappointed? I muſt return again, with this certain Truth, there is no Faith in Man; Adieu, fond Mortals, adieu, for ever more; at theſe laſt Words, as ſhe was turning, Hold, cried *Peregrine*, Though thou canſt not be *Clarindas* Ghoſt, for that would know me better, I will drink the Poiſon, give me the Glaſs; Ghoſt, ſtay, added he, and take me with you, or go tell Divine *Clarinda*, how thou ſeeſt me take that Paſs which is to convey me to her; with ſaying this, he took the Glaſs from *Clarinda*, and raiſing his voice, Here's to *Clarinda*, whom I ſtill Adore, ſaid he, and drank up the Wine. I ſhould not have pronounced that Name, continued he, after drinking, it may prove an Antidote, beyond the power of the moſt virulent Poiſon, and prevent my flight

to

to her; it has, for certain, much better'd the Taſte. *Clarinda*, ——— added he, at which, ſhe lifting off the Sheet, and Cloth, which covered her Face, ſhe appeared, in a Dreſs, which *Peregrine* had formerly ſeen. Conſtant, and Faithful, *Peregrine*, here is thy *Clarinda*, ſhe is wholly thine, ſaid *Clarinda*; with that, inclining on the Bed, ſhe took him by the Hand, preſſing it hard, and kiſſed his frighted Cheeks; feel, ſaid ſhe, I am thy warm *Clarinda*, living ſtill, to die in thy ſweet Boſome: But where's dear *Mariana*? Alas, poor Soul, frighted, I fear, too much; Come, my dear *Mariana*, and enjoy, once again, thy poor *Clarinda*. Fear not, I am really ſhe, with that, ſhe unfolded the Curtains, which *Mariana*, held no longer ſo hard: *Mariana*, it is ſhe, cried out *Peregrine*, the living *Clarinda*; What Wonders do I ſee! What Joys poſſeſs my Heart! They crowd in here too faſt, with that, he ſunk down in a ſwoon: *Clarinda* having embraced her dear *Mariana*, and aſſured her of her life, with a thouſand warm Kiſſes, which the ſtill diſcompoſed Girl, returned again, ſo well as her late fears would permit her: *Clarinda*, caſting an Eye, on *Peregrine*, and

and perceiving him fallen backwards, with his Eyes closed, help, *Mariana*, cried she, assist me to preserve my second Life, *Peregrine* is not well; they both busied themselves, to raise him up again, at which, he came to himself: That Men should die, with too much Joy, said he.

I beg your Pardon my dear *Peregrine*, said *Clarinda*, for that great share I have had in producing all your Sorrows and Griefs, when you'l please to consider 'twas the effects of my Passions towards you, which plung'd me into a severe Jealousie, and deep Despair, at the sight of that fatal *English* Letter: You will, I know, be so good as to pardon the results of that Rage, which had so intirely possest me. *Peregrine* made answer, That his imprudence in keeping that Letter, (which he ought to have burnt, since he valued it not,) being the first cause of all those Miseries he had suffered since, he ought to pass by other lesser Errors. But, added he, How came you to the understanding of it? Who was your Interpreter? I fear he did not do me Justice. *Clarinda* answered, When I have eat and drank with you, to confirm you further

I

I am no Ghoſt, (though I have almoſt liv'd like one theſe two Days,) then I ſhall give my *Peregrine* that ſatisfaction, with a full account of all has happened to me ſince you went from us: With that they ſate themſelves to eat, which *Clarinda* did very heartily. They had ſeveral little pickeerings of Wit with one another, which diverted them during Supper; after which, *Peregrine*, contriving within himſelf how *Clarinda* and *Mariana* ſhould be diſpoſed on that Night, *Clarinda* took notice of his muſing; What poſſeſſes your Thoughts now? ſaid ſhe; To know where you and *Mariana* ſhall lye this Night; or rather where I ſhall retire, anſwered *Peregrine*, for i'll quit you my Bed, I find it now grows late. It does, ſaid *Clarinda*; wherefore I ſhall leave my Narrative till Morning. *Mariana* and I, will leave you to your Repoſe, which I hope will now be ſweet and long to you; and we will retire to that *Elizium*, where I kept, while thought dead; there is a little Couch will hold us both. Not ſo, reply'd *Mariana*; do you go into Bed, and i'll ſit up: But where is this Inchanted place, ſo near, yet ſo inviſible? Here, ſaid *Clarinda*,

(ſtep-

(ſtepping towards the Cloſet, and taking up the Hanging,) within the reach of all you ſaid. Come *Mariana*, added ſhe, and ſee the Grave in which I was buried alive: They both went into the Cloſet, where after they had remained a while, *Peregrine* having ſlipt on his Gown, and leaning on a Stick, came halting in, ſaying, He was reſolved that Night to lye in *Clarinda*'s Grave: with that he laid himſelf down on the Couch, and by no intreats nor perſuaſions could be got off again; telling them, That he would paſs the reſt of that Night in that place. *Clarinda* finding him obſtinate, took out of the Cloſet all that was convenient for her and *Mariana*, that Night, with a Night-Gown for *Mariana*, and one of her Mantua's for her to put on the next Morning.

No Servants had come near them all that Evening and Night, becauſe *Peregrine* had frequently given ſtrict Orders that no body ſhould come to him, except they heard him knock; ſo that they had no diſturbance on that ſide; and having took leave of one another, they all compoſed themſelves to ſleep.

The

The next Morning, *Clarinda* and *Mariana* being up, and in their Night-Dreſſes, went to ſee how *Peregrine* had paſt the Night; they found by his chearful looks, and hearty anſwer, that he was much improved as to his Health and Strength. How could I do amiſs, ſaid he, having my Titular Angel ſo near me; and lying in my *Clarinda*'s ſweet Monument? After a while, as they were returning into the Chamber, *Mariana* making a falſe ſtep, fell down, but did not hurt her ſelf; one of the Servants hearing the noiſe, and believing *Peregrine* knock'd, came into the Chamber, where eſpying no Man in Bed, and two Gentlewomen dreſſing themſelves, he preſently run down again; telling the Miſtreſs, that certainly the Devil haunted that Chamber; for in lieu of finding a Lame Man in Bed, there was two fine Gentlewomen dreſſing themſelves at their Glaſſes; let who will go there for me hereafter, added he, I'll not go to the Devil ſo often. A while after, the Ladies wanting Water, knock in good earneſt, but no body came to them; they repeated the knocking, and finding it was to no purpoſe, *Mariana* ſtept to the

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Stair-head, and aloud ask'd, Whether there was no body in the House? At which the People below Stairs were all mute, but one Maid bolder than the rest, said, she would see these Hobgoblings, at what rate soever, so went up Stairs, and *Mariana* returning into the Chamber, where the Maid following her, she was told they wanted Water, and desired they should be a little better attended, assuring her, the Servants should not lose their labour. The Maid made her excuses, and laid the fault upon the impertinency of a silly Fellow in the House, who ever since the Gentleman that lay there before, had the Gold brought to him so strangely, did take all that was done in that Room for Inchantments; that he had run down Stayrs, so soon as he had peep'd into the Chamber, and said, he had seen there, he knew not how many Devils in Women's Apparel, dressing themselves: which made *Clarinda* smile to her self: Then did the Maid tell them, that at the least Call she would run up to wait on them, or the Gentleman either, if he was there still, as she supposed he was not, there being but one Bed. *Clarinda*, to undeceive her, and to take away all suspitions,

brought

brought her to the Closet, where she shewed her *Peregrine* in Bed: This is the place, said she, out of which came the Gold, and all the other Inchantments, I being in it all that while, who came here at first, in the habit of a Gentleman, to pass with more safety through the Army, that then was gathering about this place: Pray satisfie your Mistress, and all other Persons of this Truth. The Maid, making a Courtesie, went away well satisfied, and did according as *Clarinda* had commanded her; so that the next time they knock'd for any thing, they were waited upon by the Mistress of the House, who made a great many Apologies, and gave great Assurances of her future attendance. *Clarinda* informed her of all she thought fit she should know, and so dismist her.

The Confederates great advantage which they had got over the Besieged, in the late Assault, caus'd the Governour, who was the Marquess of *Uxelles*, to call a grand Council of War; in which it was concluded, That considering the great loss which they had sustained in this last Attack, the great Advantages with which the Enemies had posted themselves, which was very difficult to regain,

gain, and the great want of Ammuniti-
on they were in, having not above 4 C.
weight of Powder left, together with the
great number of Sick and Wounded, and
the ſmall hopes of Relief, that the white
Flag ſhould be hung out, which was
done that very Morning, about eight of
the Clock, and a Parley was beaten, in
order to Capitulate. Prince *Albert* of
Saxe-Cornbourg, who Commanded that
Day in the Trenches, on the ſide of the
Imperial Attack, ſent a Trumpet to the
Beſieged, to know their meaning. To
which was anſwered, That the Gover-
nour was inclin'd to give up the Gariſon;
that if the Duke of *Loraine* would be
pleaſed to ſend the Governour a Lieute-
nant-Colonel, with an other Officer; to
diſcourſe with them about Conditions, he
would ſend into their Camp Hoſtages of
the ſame quality. Whereupon the Prince
ſent his aid Major to conſult with the
Duke of *Loraine*, and they agreed to
the Governour's deſires, upon condition,
that he ſhould firſt ſend his two Officers.
Whereupon the Duke of *Loraine* ſent in-
to the City the Prince *de Commercy*, and
Lieutenant Colonel *Princj*; after which
there was a Ceſſation of Arms betwixt

both

both Parties, and the Treaty fully concluded before Night.

Count *Mansfeilt* all this while had not remained Idle, by the aid of divers Messengers he had found out *Peregrine*'s Lodgings, and had got the Servant, who was with him before, to come to him again: He inquired of him how *Peregrine* did? What Company he had with him? And whether he ſtirr'd abroad yet? The Fellow, who was the ſame that had been ſo frighted, told him, That now all the Devils which haunted him before, were all turn'd into Gentlewomen, that were very tame and gentle indeed, wonderous fine and handſome; and that, that very Priſoner, whoſe Ranſome he had paid, by the wounded Gentleman's Orders, was turned to a Gentlewoman alſo. This account gave the Count cauſe to conſider, he apprehended that this was *Clarinda*, who he had taken, which he had not known in the dark; he began to think how ſhye that Perſon was of ſhowing his Face, how he refuſed lying down with him, with abundance more; from all which he fully concluded it was *Clarinda*, that he had ſo tamely parted with, to his Mortal Enemy; this put him into

ſuch

ſuch a rage, that he was almoſt diſtract-ed; he lay continually ſighing and groan-ing on the Bed, and would neither eat nor drink. While the Fellow was ſtill with him, the Perſon who had took him, came to tell him, He muſt find out a ſuddain way to pay his Ranſome, which he reſolved not to loſe. To which the Count made no anſwer, but that he was his Priſoner, he might do what he plea-ſed with him. That gave but little ſa-tisfaction to the Officer, who was grum-bling very hard; which made the Fel-low run home as faſt as he could; he told his Miſtreſs, that the other Priſoner that had been taken with the Man-Gen-tlewoman, that was above Stairs, was like to be kill'd by him who had taken him, for want of his Ranſome. The Miſtreſs of the Houſe, fancying that he might be known by the Gentlewoman, went up Stairs to give notice of it: At which *Mariana* cry'd out, alas! this is the Count, who I told you was taken with me. How, a Count, ſaid the Land-lady, that will bring a good lump of Mony. No, no, reply'd *Clarinda*, it is a Voluntier, whoſe Name is *le Count*: ſo it was turn'd off, and the Land-lady

was

was desired to know what Ransome was demanded for him. Mean time *Clarinda* and *Mariana* went into the Closet to consult about it with *Peregrine*, saying, now you have a fair opportunity to rid your self of your Rival, the Count; so told him to what a sad condition he was reduc'd. Why sends he not to his Friends in the Camp, to let them know his condition, said *Peregrine*. There's the mischief of it, said *Mariana*, with what this Fellow has put in his Head, that the Person he had taken was a Woman in man's Apparel, and believing it was you doubtless, (speaking to *Clarinda*) he is in a Despair, for having parted so tamely with you. Heavens forbid, that we should not assist him, if we can, said *Peregrine*; though he will not help himself, the more need has he of our aid. Still spoken like generous *Peregrine*. He shall be releaved, and presently too, said *Clarinda*, since my dear Friend has said it. Some time after the Fellow return'd, saying, he refus'd all aid, assistance, or comfort, except he knew from whom it came. This made *Peregrine* say, unfortunate Gentleman! There is nothing but this rich Jewel, but I would part with, ad-

ded he, taking *Clarinda* by the hand, to ſerve him with: But what is his Ranſome? The Fellow ſaid, The Officer had told him ſomething was better than nothing; and that ſeeing the Article would be ſigned that Night for the delivery of the Town, in which might be compriſed the releaſing of all Priſoners on both ſides, he would be contented with what he could get. Then ſaid *Clarinda*, I muſt get you *Mariana* to go with Forty Piſtoles, which I will give you; and give twenty for his Ranſome, and give him the reſt to defray his preſent Neceſſities, as if all this came from your ſelf, taking no notice in the leaſt of us two; otherwiſe, peradventure he would refuſe it. *Mariana* readily accepted the Commiſſion, and prepared to go with the Fellow, after *Clarinda* had given her the Gold. Mean time did *Clarinda* give *Peregrine* an account of all her misfortunes, ſince they had been ſeparated, not forgetting his Friend's Civility towards her, and her Rancounter with the Count.

While ſhe was thus relating her Story to him, News was brought that there was one below, who would ſpake with *Peregrine*; he ordered him to be brought up,

and

and it proved to be his honeſt Groom. So ſoon as the Articles had been ſigned, inquiry had been made about the Priſoners of Note, and Count *Zinzendorf*, having notice thereof, had ſent this Fellow to learn News of his Maſter: The Fellow being come, and perceiving his Maſter ſmile; 'Tis well you're found, at laſt, Maſter, ſaid he, there has been a foul ſtir about you, no body knew what was become of you; and after I told your Friends how I had found poor Crop, meat for Crows, they all concluded you dead; dead, ſaid I, he has other Fiſh to frie, I warrant you; D'you think that a Man has nothing elſe to do, that has a Sweet-Heart? He's gone to Ferret her out, I'll warrant you; and now I find I gueſt well, faith Maſter, or ſhe has ferrited you out. Well, I'm glad to ſee thee again, old Boy, anſwered *Peregrine*; How does all things whence you come? With that, he gave him this Account; Your three Horſes, and three Servants, are all well, as you ſee, at this preſent, and all preſent their Service to you; and Count *Zinzendorf* ſend me to tell you, that you ſhould ſend him word, whither you were dead or alive; if ſo, that he would order all your Trinckoms to be

ſent to you; for now the Rogues are wea-ry of fighting, Honeſt Folks may go about their Buſineſs again: Well, continued he, I am woundely miſtaken, if this Gentle-woman-Gentleman, was not the ſame bo-dy that gave me that plaguy Letter (a Pox on't) that made you run out of your Wits; if the truth was known, has play'd more tricks than are good, I'll warrant you, and I fear 'tis for no good he's here; pray let's ſearch him, Maſter: *Clarinda*, and *Peregrine*, could not but laugh, at the Fellows Bluntneſs: Come, come, let's ſee your Hand, added he, I'll tell you your Fortune, ſhe pulled off her Glove, and ſhewed the Palm of her Hand, thinking he would tell her Fortune; but the Fellow preſently ſaid, I'll a-none of your tricks put upon me; let ſee the back-ſide of it? She having turned it, and he having eſpi-ed the Plaſter; there's the mark of the Beaſt, cried he, that's he (though now turn'd to a Woman) that let himſelf be taken, on purpoſe, as he declared, to cut your Throat, as I have been well infor-med, by the Officer's Man; and for rage, he could not find you, had like to have made a Scieve, of a Count's Belly, but that a was a little too nimble for him, and

gave

gave him that Remembrance, which he carries yet; Pray Maſter, let's ſearch him, I ſay? No, no, replied *Peregrine*, I'll engage this Lady is no Man, but thou haſt gueſt pretty right, as to the reſt: Nay, nay, if you have ſearched her, you know better than I, I am ſatisfied: Well then, added he, What ſhall I ſay to the Count, and the reſt of your Friends: Tell them, anſwered *Peregrine*, that I am well; and that the deſperate young Gentleman is well alſo, added *Clarinda*; at *Clarindas* ſpeaking, let your betters be firſt ſerved, ſaid the Fellow, my Maſter began firſt; this was very pleaſant to them: Well, go thy ways, added *Peregrine*, tell all my Friends, I hope to ſee them here, in good Health; and do you, and your Comrades, return to me again, preſently, with my Equipage, if it will be permitted. You'll give me leave to drink a Pot of Wine firſt, ſaid the Fellow; two and thou wilt, anſwered *Peregrine*, but be not drunk: There honeſt Fellow, ſaid *Clarinda*, giving him Money, go drink thy Maſter's Health, and mine, I love thee for being honeſt and true to thy Maſter, with that, the Fellow made a Leg, and went his way, telling his Maſter, he'd go diſpatch his Buſineſs.

Mariana, mean time, was come to the Count, who was much surpriſed at the ſight of her; he forced himſelf to be civil to her; ſhe told him, ſhe had heard of his Misfortune, and was come to offer him all the aid, and aſſiſtance, that lay in her Power; he thanked her, coldly, and told her, he ſhould not be long there; for either, in the Capitulations, the Priſoners would be exchanged, or releaſed, on both ſides, or a Ranſome paid for him; mean time, that he was reſolved to ſuffer, for he did not care what became of him; this he concluded, with a deep ſigh, which drew Tears from *Marianas* Eyes. But, Sir, ſaid ſhe, I come with a Ranſome, from the Perſon you had taken, who thinks it due to you, though he was after that retaken with you alſo: I know, I had *Clarinda* in my Poſſeſſion, but not ſo fortunate as to keep her; the Croſsneſs of my Stars, do ſtill purſue me, and interpoſe their fatal Influences, 'twixt me, and my Happineſs. In that particular, you are miſtaken, Sir, you never had her in your Power, 'twas I, Sir, you purſued, took, and then loſt again: How! ſaid the Count, and was it not *Clarinda*? No Count, anſwered *Mariana*, I can give you

you ſuch an exact account of every parti-
cular of the Buſineſs (beſides the killing
of her Servant) as would convince you:
And is ſhe not in *Mentz?* Anſwer'd the
Count: Sir, I ſay not ſo: ——— There
he interrupted her, ſaying, and in my
happy Rivals Poſſeſſion: No, I aſſure
you Count, anſwered *Mariana*, ſhe is ab-
ſolute Miſtreſs of her ſelf ſtill: If I was
ſure of that, ——— he there was inter-
rupted, by the inſolent Officer, who had
taken him, who came to inſult over him,
with two or three more, like himſelf: I
come for Money, Sir, ſaid he, going up
to the Count: Prithy Friend, take my
Life, thou wouldſt do me a Kindneſs, for
'tis a Burthen to me, ſo heavy, as I am
not able any longer to bear: *Mariana*,
ſeeing the [illegible] were going to apply
themſelves to the Count, ſhe pulled the
Officer by the Sleeve; and having told
him, it did not become him, nor thoſe o-
thers, to inſult ſo, over a Perſon in Af-
fliction: What will content you? Here,
ſaid ſhe, take this, and deliver me your
Priſoner: The Officer (having felt in his
Hand the weight and bulk of twenty Pi-
ſtols) made no anſwer, but coming up
to the Count, Sir, you are free, ſaid he,

and I am your humble Servant: Come, added he, to his Friends, I have no longer any concern with him; let us depart, and let him go where he pleaſes, with that they went their way. You, *Mariana*, are kind, ſaid the Count, but much more you would be, in letting me have a ſight of fair *Clarinda*: Sir, all that is in my Power, you may command, anſwered *Mariana*; *Clarinda* is Miſtreſs of her own Actions, and of ſo good a temper, that I'll engage, ſhe will do you all the Juſtice ſhe can poſſible, ſo ſoon as things are ſettled; mean time, Sir, I earneſtly intreat you to take Care of your ſelf; and, in order to that, be pleaſed to make uſe of thoſe few Piſtols; with that, for fear of farther Interrogations, ſhe went her ways, giving the Count a Compaſſionate Look, and left the Piſtols on the Table, and the Count to do what he pleaſed with them.

The Count, ſo ſoon as *Mariana* was gone, took the Gold, and with it went to an Inn, where he got a Meſſenger to go to Count *Zinzendorf* in the Camp. He after that, began to reflect with a more compos'd mind, than ever he had done before, on all his Concerns; he dwelt much

much on *Mariana*'s kindneſs to him; he believed that ſhe had all along been his Friend; he fancied he could make that out from her Actions, and ſomething in her looks: Of truth, *Mariana* was of a very compaſſionate Temper, apt to ſide with any Perſon in Affliction; ſhe had look'd on the Count, when ſhe left him, with a Countenance full of tenderneſs, in the Opinion that the Count had no hopes left now of ever poſſeſſing *Clarinda*; for though ſhe had ſaid true, that ſhe was ſtill at her own diſpoſal, yet ſhe knew her thoughts ſo well, that ſhe was certain none but *Peregrine* would carry her. *Clarinda* and ſhe were near related, had been brought up, and Educated together; and her Portion, which had been left in *Clarinda*'s Father's hands, at the Death of her Father and Mother, while ſhe was yet very young, had increas'd to very near the Sum of *Clarinda*'s, and her Beauty not much inferiour; ſo that ſhe was as *Clarinda*'s Companion, and they lov'd one another intimately. All theſe things running in the Count's mind, he thought himſelf oblig'd to *Mariana*'s Bounty, and that he ought to requite all her Favours in an handſome manner, and

in that resolution he remained, till the Town was Surrendered.

The Articles were; *That the next day the Confederates should have possession given them of St.* Jacob's *Tower, and of the* Gau-*Gate; that they should send five thousand Men to possess themselves of it; that the next Day after, early in the Morning, the* French *Garison should march out of the place, with six pieces of Cannon, two Mortars, with the Arms of* France, *and as many Carts and Waggons as were necessary to carry their Baggage, with their Colours flying, Drums beating, lighted Matches, and to be guarded to* Landau, *with a Convoy of ten Thousand Men of the Imperialists.*

These Articles did very much displease the Soldiers, who had all along been very desirous to take the City by Storm, to be reveng'd of those perfidious Incendiaries the *French*, as they term'd them.

Peregrine's Men were got into the Town, and had given an account of these things to him from Count *Zinzendorf*, who had sent him word also, that he should be with him the next day: where

whereupon *Peregrine* fearing ſome Diſorders might happen, as there is uſually in ſuch Affairs, ſo ſoon as *Mariana* was returned, he cauſed the Chamber-Door to be continually locked, and his Three Men to be in conſtant waiting at it. He after that endeavoured all he could to ſtand upon his Leg, and he found that he gathered much ſtrength by it, ſo that by the next day he was able to walk, with the aid of a Staff. Both he and *Clarinda* inquired of *Mariana*, how the Count did, and how he had received their Civilities, or yours rather, ſaid *Clarinda*: very indifferently, anſwered *Mariana*; I was forced to leave the Gold on the Table before him, and to go abruptly from him, for fear he ſhould have returned it me: How does he look? Said *Peregrine*; very diſmayed, anſwered *Mariana*, full of trouble, ſo that I could not but pity him very much: I wiſh, ſaid *Clarinda*, you had the Power, dear *Mariana*, to change all his Sorrows into Love, of thee I mean: I fear, ſaid *Peregrine*, that who ever has once loved *Clarinda*, can never be capable of any other Love: I am of your mind, replied *Mariana*: I am not, ſaid *Clarinda*; he never loved to an excels; and I believe

there has been more of Obſtinacy and Revenge, in his Conduct towards me, than of ſincere Affection, ſo that he will eaſily be diverted by ſome other Object, when he is once paſſed all hopes: Pray wave this Diſcourſe, replied *Mariana*, and let us ſpeak of other things: Agreed, ſaid *Peregrine*; but firſt give me leave to ſay, that next to ſeeing my dear *Clarinda* intirely mine, paſt all Diſputes, I heartily could wiſh, the Count ſo happy as to be in full Poſſeſſion of the obliging *Mariana*; from this they fell into various Diſcourſes, with which they paſſed the reſt of that Morning: After Dinner, they deſired *Mariana* to give them, in a continued Story, the Courſe of her Life, ſince they had been ſeparated, which they had not heard yet, but by pieces; *Mariana*, having aſſented to their Requeſt, thus began.

After you had been two days gon, and that the Servants you had ſent back, had aſſured me of your ſafe getting into the Town, and of your Father's Death, and Burial; I every moment expected, with great impatiency, to hear from *Peregrine*, in what place of ſafety he was retired, that I might ſend you word, if poſſible, which I much diſpaired to do, when I heard how

diffi-

difficult it was for any one to get into the Town, ſince the Confederates had laid a formal Siege before it. I was out of all hopes of hearing from him alſo, and was very willing to lay the fault on any thing elſe, than on his neglect, though I believed it more eaſily to have heard from him, than to have ſent to you; this made me apprehend that he might have fallen into ſome Diſaſter. I was in thoſe fears, when a Party of the Imperialiſts, came to the Caſtle, where they acted a great deal of Rudeneſs, not only towards my old Aunt, and my ſelf, but every one of the Servants were made ſenſible of their Inſolencies; and the worſt was, that when I had made my Complaints to the Officer, under pretence of taking me into his Protection; he offered things to me, beyond what I could tamely endure, ſo that I was forced to Repulſe him with fury: mean time: the Soldiers did ranſack all the Caſtle, taking what they thought convenient to carry along with them, not ſparing my poor Aunts Chamber, which put her into ſuch a fright, that I verily believe much contributed to her Death preſently after. They were not contented with that, but went to the Stables, where they exchanged

ed their worſe Horſes for ours, and took away the reſt. When they had done all the miſchief they could, except firing, they left us to condole our Misfortunes; I found my poor Aunt in ſo lamentable a Condition, that ſhe looked then as if ſhe had been dead; ſo ſoon as ſhe was recovered from her fright, ſo much as would permit her to ſpeak, ſhe ſaid, Let us begon, good Niece, as far as we can from theſe mercileſs Devils, before another Party of them come to make an end of us; Where ſhall we go, dear Aunt? I anſwered her; to my Farm, ſaid ſhe, which is Twenty miles further from *Mentz*; I told her ſhe would ſcarce be able to endure the fatigue of ſo long a Journey, eſpecially on Horſe-back, and there was then no other conveniency to be had; but ſhe ſaid, ſhe had rather choſe to die by the way, than be again frighted, as ſhe had been before, which would certainly procure her Death: We therefore, the very next morning, very early, ſet forwards, with all they had left us, that was carriable; but though we went but ſlowly, conſidering we fled, my poor Aunt was ſo much fatigated, that ſhe fell ſick of a Fever, of which ſhe died, the day after we came to the Farm; ſhe

by

by her Will, parted all she had betwixt us two; she left to my Cousin, your Brother, a Legacy, in case he were alive, which, if he was not, was to return to us. I took Care to have her decently buried, according to her Quality, as well as I could; after which, I gave my self up to lament her loss, and your Absence. I remained so, till hearing no News of either of you, and being in Despair of having any, I inquired of all the Men Servants, which would be so Couragious, as to attempt the getting into *Mentz*, with me, to learn what was become of their young Mistress; your own Groom was the readiest to answer, but your Brother's Faulkner was the most forward to attend me; he only asked, When I would set forward? I told him, the next day; he said no more, but got all things in Readiness, both for me, and himself, and coming to me the next morning: Are you ready, Madam? Said he: Why? Answered I, Have you got every thing, as it should be? Every thing, answered he, even to one, of my young Master's Suits, which he was pleased to bestow on me, when he went into *Hungary*; for I believe it impossible for a Woman to get through

so

ſo many rude Men, without receiving ſome Affronts: I readily accepted his Kindneſs, aſſuring him I ſhould gratifie him for that, and all his other Troubles and Civilities; and in Concluſion, I got on Horſe-back, accoutred like an abſolute Cadett, and he like my Servant, both well provided with Arms.

Our Deſign was to get into the Camp, where we were to inquire after *Peregrine*, and ſo to have converſed with him, how to have proceeded; but when, after a long ſearch, we had no other News of him, but that it was believed he was killed, becauſe his Horſe had been found dead, with a Shot; we then reſolved to attempt the getting into the Town, as Deſerters, ſo ſoon as poſſible we could; to that purpoſe, we were in the Night time, getting as cloſe as we could to the Wall, when we were eſpied by a ſingle Horſeman, who making after us, ſhot at us, and kill'd the poor Faulkner; I perceiving him fall, fearing that my turn would be next, ſlack'd my pace, and turning my Horſe, cried, I yield, ſave my Life, and you ſhall have a Ranſome; my purſuer ſeem'd ſatisfied with that, and was going to ſecure me, from an eſcape, when we were preſently ſur-

surrounded with a Party of Horſe, that was retiring into the Town, which took us along with them. You have heard ſince, how it proved to be the Count, that had taken me Priſoner, but how he happened on me, or what he was doing there, I am ſtill to learn.

Thus did *Mariana* put an end to her Narative; they ſpent the reſt of the day, in contriving how *Peregrine* ſhould meet with his Friends, and how they ſhall diſpoſe of themſelves, after things were ſettled again in the Town; *Mariana* ſaid, That ſhe long'd to ſee them all ſafe returned to their own homes: What ſay you to it, Madam, ſaid *Peregrine*, Muſt I return to my own home alſo? That would be too far a Journey for you to perform at once, replied *Clarinda*; you ſhall reſt your ſelf ſome time, at the Caſtle; and then I muſt begon, added *Peregrine*: Goodneſs, cried *Clarinda*, you are ſuch a troubleſome Man, you ſhall ſtay there till you are ſent away: That may be the next day after, Madam, anſwered *Peregrine*, or ſo ſoon as your Brother returns, if you do not anticipate him in that employ: Shall I propoſe an expedient, ſaid *Mariana*, that will ſalve all?

Let's

Let's hear it, answered *Clarinda*: Nay, will you stand to it, added *Mariana*, I assure you, before hand, it shall be to both your Likings, and Advantages? I will stand to it, cried *Peregrine*, irrevocably: What say you, Madam? added he, to *Clarinda*: Upon *Marianas* assurance, I care not if I do: Give me your Hands to the Bargain, said *Mariana*; with that she took both their Hands, and joined them together, saying, Marry, without delay: Spoken like an Angel, cried out *Peregrine*, with Joy; and finding *Clarinda* to pull back her Hand, and to look surprised: Nay, Madam, added he, it is too late to draw back, we have your consent: I did not think, said *Clarinda*, that *Mariana* would have served me so; I believed her more firm to my Interests: Can I be more firm to *Clarindas* Interest, answered *Mariana*, than to promote them to the outmost of my Power? What can be more your Interest, than to be inseparably united to what you Love; What is there more Advantagious for you, than to once be fixed in *Peregrine's* Arms? So fix'd, as not to be remov'd but by Death: All this is true, Madam, added *Peregrine*, If your Heart does not gain-say

your

your Mouth, add the laſt of your Bleſſings, in aſſenting to what our dear *Mariana* has ſo juſtly propoſed? Nay, ſhe cannot deny me for ſhame, ſaid *Mariana*; if ſhe ſhould, I ſhould for ever diſ-own her for my Friend; but I know ſhe will not, ſhe has too much of Juſtice, of Senſe, and of Love for me, beſides what ſhe has for you, Sir, to act againſt her own Satisfaction, and Quiet; Come, I muſt have it ſo, added ſhe, bringing *Clarinda*, near to *Peregrine*, and giving her Hand to him once more; Tell him, you are his, and that you will confirm it, by Marriage, with the firſt opportunity: Well, replied *Clarinda*, on Condition that you ſhall not refuſe to do that which I ſhall propoſe to you, *Mariana*, I will: Then ſpake *Clarinda*, anſwered *Mariana*; ſpake to *Peregrine*, then next to me: Well then, ſaid *Clarinda*, with a ſoft ſigh, ſince it muſt be ſo, *Clarinda* is yours, Sir, here is my Hand to it, and ſo ſoon as opportunity ſhall offer it ſelf, I will be Married to you: I leave you to gueſs at *Peregrine's* Tranſports, for I cannot expreſs them: Now, added *Clarinda*; let me ſpeak to you, *Mariana*, Love the Count, and endeavour to make him yours: Very well repartied,

partied, I'll ſwear, ſaid *Peregrine*; and I add, may you by that means be the cauſe of our perfect Reconciliation: *Amen*, ſaid *Clarinda*; nay, if you will all have it ſo, I ſay *Amen* too. After this, Supper was ſerved in; they eat and drank, and were merry; *Peregrine* walked about the Chamber; and after they had tired themſelves, with Mirth, *Clarinda*, at *Peregrine*'s requeſt, took her Lute, and Sung thoſe Lines, which *Peregrine* had made; and when it came to the two laſt, they all in Conſort Sang,

So were they heard, no longer to complain;
But liv'd to Love, and lov'd to Live again.

Thus they concluded the Evening, after which, they went to their Repoſe.

The next Morning, was the Day appointed for the Garriſon to March out, and the Confederates to March in, according to the Capitulation that had been made: The Imperialliſts drew up their Army, in two Ranks, by Six in the Morning, to receive their Enemies; divers of the Imperial Cavalry, poſted themſelves, on the Right of the *Gaw-Gate*; on the

Left

Left ſide, were chiefly to be ſeen, the Guards du Corps, of the Duke of *Bavaria*; and next to them, thoſe of the Duke of *Saxony*, with ſome other Troops of the Imperial Cavalry, and Dragoons; after which, the *French* began to March out of the City, to the number of 6690 Men, with 572 loaded Horſes, 334 Carts, 31 Mules, 43 Light Horſe-Men, 6 Chaires, 2 Coaches, 1 Litter, 36 Colours, and 10 Standards.

Beſides, there were put into Boats, which had been ſent from *Straſbourg*, with Ammunition for the *French*, 6 Pieces of Cannon, 2 Mortars, 2 Hawbitz, and 1500 Sick, whereof, ſome died continually, which they threw over into the *Rhine*. As the Marquiſs *D' Uxelles* marched out of the Garriſon, he took his leave of the Duke of *Lorrain*, of the Elector of *Saxony*, and of that of *Bavaria*; as alſo, of all the reſt of the Princes, and Generals; The *French* declared, that before the Siege, the Garriſon conſiſted of 11000 Men. The time of their March out of the Garriſon, was from Seven in the Morning, till Three in the Afternoon; after which, the Allies took Poſſeſſion of the City. Upon the *French* marching out, *Peregrine*, and

and the two Ladies, got at the top of the House, whence they could very distinctly see the whole Garrison March.

The Count, on the other hand, upon mature Considerations, had taken new Measures; he was resolved to slight those who slighed him, and to esteem those who vallued him; so that now his whole designs were altered, which put him upon Writing this Letter to *Mariana*.

It has always been counted an ill thing to strive against a too rapid stream; I have too long done so, while I might have swom down easily, with the currant; I have at Last found out my obstinacy, in indeavouring to compel Love, not considering that it is as tameless as it is blind; henceforwards, I will endeavour to Love, where I have hopes to be beloved again. I humbly require the beautious Marianas Advice, on this point, she being a Person, to whom I acknowledge my self infinitely obliged, and of so sweet a Disposition, as not to refuse her Counsel, to the Unfortunate

Count Mansfeilt.

This

This Letter was, by his Direction, privately conveyed into *Marianas* own Hands, by a Maid Servant of the Houſe, who promiſed to return an Anſwer ſafe, if ſhe pleaſed to give her one: *Mariana* was ſtrangely ſurpriſed, at the reading of this Letter, ſhe did not know well what to make of it, ſhe was loth to flatter her ſelf too much, and as unwilling to take advice of her beſt Friends, for fear they ſhould think her too conceited of her ſelf, and apt to receive Amorous Impreſſions; ſhe therefore concluded to conſider very maturely on the Buſineſs, and then ſend an Anſwer as ſuitable, as ſhe could, to her Modeſty, and her Deſires; ſhe fancied that her Kindneſs towards the Count, when abandoned of all, and the commiſerating Looks, ſhe caſt on him, when ſhe left him laſt, might have had ſome kind Influence over his Mind, that ſeeing he had reſolved to take off his Affections from *Clarinda*, as he ſeemed to intimate, he might as well have ſome Thoughts of her, as he had had of *Clarinda*, to whom, ſhe thought not her ſelf Inferiour in Birth, nor not much in Eſtate, except her Brother ſhould chance to die: Theſe, and many

many more Thoughts, of the like nature running in her Mind, ſhe reſolved to ſend the Count an Anſwer, as Modeſt as ſhe could, which ſhe conceived in theſe Terms.

I have always profeſſed my ſelf, a Friend to the afflicted, and ſo long as I have thought you ſo, I have been made ſenſible of your Troubles; but now I find you are in the right way of getting out of your Adverſities, I withdraw my pity, you having no further occaſion for it; What need a Man ask the way that is in the right road? You have a ſufficient Eſtate, not to confine you to Match for Riches only, and you want not Senſe, to prefer Diſcretion, good Nature, and Comelineſs, to the bare ſhadow of Beauty. I can therefore contribute no more, than my Wiſhes for your Happineſs, which I deſire, as I do that of your humble Servant,

Mariana.

When

When the Count received this, he was in a great perplexity, as to the Nature of *Marianas* Answer, till he had read it; he opened it, and read, with that Satisfaction, that made him repeat it over again, though he saw a world of good Nature in it; and he resolved by one Letter more to know the bottom of *Marianas* Heart; he was in haste, because he believed that his late Mistress, and his Rival, was so to; and he designed to be before hand with them, that his new choice might appear as a contempt; not doubting of *Marianas* Discretion, in keeping the Business Secret, at the least notice, that he desired it should be so; he therefore, gratifying well the Messenger for what he had already done, and promising him a farther Bounty, he sent him immediately back, with this Answer.

If the obliging Mariana *would but nominate any Person, whom she thought would be a proper Subject for my Love, I should think my self extremely obliged to her; but how surprised should I be, with a transport of joy, should she vouchsafe to name her self. My*

Deſign is to anticipate Clarindas, *and my late Rivals haſte, and to be fixt in my choice before they have concluded theirs: Let my dear* Mariana, *be ſo kind, as not to delay ſending me word, whether ſhe will accept of my Perſon and Fortune, that I may thereby be in hopes of poſſeſſing her; this requires ſuch haſte, and ſecrecy, as beggs for a ſuddain definitive Anſwer, to the moſt impatient*

Count Mansfeilt.

This was ſufficient to inform *Mariana*, in every particular Circumſtance, of the Count's Deſign; ſhe could not but ſee that this fit, was the effects of a Contempt and Revenge; ſhe had no time to looſe, knowing how forward *Clarinda* and *Peregrine* were in their Concerns; ſhe was pleaſed with the Surpriſal, and knew before-hand, that her dear *Clarinda*, would be exceedingly pleaſed with it; ſhe verily believed the Count to be Worthy and Juſt, wherefore, ſhe thought ſhe had no more to do, but to throw her ſelf on his Honour, and to readily embrace the offer; ſhe therefore ſent him preſently back, this ſhort Anſwer.

1

I put such Confidence in your Word and Honour, that though I might think my self unworthy your choice, I wholly relie on them both; I therefore resign my self to be your Wife, when e're you shall think fit to bestow that Honour on,

Your Humble Servant,

Mariana.

The Count was so fully satisfied, with this short, but full Answer, from *Mariana*, that he now went about to contrive how he should make this Secret Match break out to his greater Credit and Advantage, as well as to his Antagonists Surprisal; so soon as his Kinsman, Count *Zinzendorf*, was marched into the Town, he repaired to him, and the better to disguise his Intentions, he began to harp again on the Picture, which he believed *Peregrine* had taken from him; *Zinzendorf* told him, that he had found out where *Peregrine* lay, that he would go and acquaint *Peregrine* with what he had said, and he would bring him back his

Anſwer, being very deſirous to make a thorough Reconciliation betwixt them, as being Friend to both, telling him beſides, he thought that the beſt expedient to appeaſe all diſputes, between them, concerning *Clarinda*, would be to have them both ſtand to her Deciſion, in making choice of whom ſhe liked beſt: The Count ſeemed to give his conſent, by ſaying, Do what you pleaſe: So Count *Zinzendorf* went immediately to find out *Peregrine*, and to diſcurſe the buſineſs with him; he found his Friend in company with *Clarinda* and *Mariana*: After the firſt Embraces and Compliments to the Ladies, as well as to his Friend, who had acquainted him with their Qualities, he took *Peregrine* aſide, to let him underſtand what Count *Mansfeilt* had ſaid to him. As for the Picture, ſaid *Peregrine*, I own I took it from him, and ſhall reſtore it him again, when e'er he requires it; but I know of no wrong I ever did him; I had engag'd my Affections to this Lady, added he, before I knew any thing of his pretenſions, and had had obliging returns from her; and therefore I find not in what I have incurr'd his diſpleaſure; but if he is pleaſed to let the Lady decide our diffe-

difference, I ſhall readily ſubmit to it: If you pleaſe to preſs the Buſineſs to him, that our differences may be ended forthwith, I ſhall be infinitely oblig'd to you. Count *Zinzendorf*, whoſe buſineſs in ſetling his Quarters, call'd him another way, made what haſt he could back to Count *Mansfeilt*, and acquainted him with *Peregrine*'s Anſwer, and did further bring the Count to pitch on a certain Hour the next Day, to meet all together, and there make up all Diſcords. The Count, who thought himſelf ſure of *Mariana*, agreed to all; whereupon Count *Zinzendorf* left him, to ſend an account to *Peregrine* of the Hour and Place the Count had nam'd for the Rendezvouz.

The next Day, at the Hour appointed, all Parties met at Count *Zinzendorf*'s Quarters, where *Mariana* was ſure to make one. Count *Zinzendorf* broke the Ice, ſaying, That ſeeing both Parties were agreed to ſtand to the Lady's Deciſion, he humbly intreated her to determine, which of thoſe Gentlemen ſhe would pleaſe to make choice of for her Husband. At this Count *Mansfeilt* cryed out, Which Lady do you mean? And ſtepping up to *Mariana*, taking her by the Hand, This is the-

only Lady I desire should speak that Decree. What say you Madam, will you make me so happy, as to make choice of me for your Husband? This he said, looking fixedly on *Mariana*, and expecting her answer. Yes Sir, answered *Mariana*, if you please to consent to my choice. With that, the Count kiss'd her, and said, Bear Witness all, that I take this Gentlewoman, my dear *Mariana*, to be my Wife; and that I will Marry her so soon as I can get any one to do that Office for us: And now Madam, said he, addressing himself to *Clarinda*, I have been before-hand with you, you may now make choice of whom you please. Count *Zinzendorf*, after this, said, All things go very well hitherto; I should be glad to see the rest prosper so well also: My Friend *Peregrine*, you are now to expect what that Lady will declare. He need not, Sir, answered *Clarinda*, I have already given my self to him; and now I ratifie it before all this Company. At which *Peregrine* return'd her his most humble Thanks.

There are but two things more to be done, said Count *Zinzendorf*; you Sir, are to make Restitution of that Picture, which

once

once fell to your Lot: Let him keep it, with the Original, now, if he pleases, said Count *Mansfeilt*, interupting him; I am intirely satisfied, with this Jewel, added he, pressing *Mariana* by the Hand: Now, for the last, said Count *Zinzendorf*, I would gladly see a through Reconciliation betwixt you, both my worthy Friends, such as may be as durable as your Lives: It shall not be my fault, I assure you, said *Peregrine*, offering forwards, towards the Count: Count *Mansfeilt*, who would not be behind him, in point of good Nature, as the Cause of our Differences is now taken away; I am desirous, that what has past between us, of Jars, and Animosities, should be forgotten; with that, they both embraced; and, after felicitating one anothers Happiness, they all retired to *Peregrine*'s Lodgings, till they had time to get some more convenient for them all.

F I N I S.

Books newly Printed for Sam. Briſcoe, *over against* Will's *Coffee Houſe, in* Ruſſel-Street, *in* Covent-Garden.

1. WIves Excuſe, or Cuckolds make themſelves, a Comedy, by Mr. *Southern*; with a Copy of Verſes on the Play, by Mr. *Driden.*

2. The Marriage-Hater matched; a Comedy, by Mr. *Durfey.*

3. Traytor, a Tragedy; newly reviv'd; Written by Mr. *Rivers.*

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5. The Lives of the 12 *Cæſars*, the firſt Emperors of *Rome*: Written in *Latin*, by *C. Suetonius Tranquillius*, and done into *Engliſh* by ſeveral Gentlemen of the Univerſity of *Oxford.*

6. Advice to a young Lord; written by his Father, under theſe following Heads; Religion, Study and Exerciſe, Travel, Marriage, Houſe-keeping and Hoſpitality, of the Court, of Friendſhip, of Pleaſure, and Idleneſs, of Converſation.

7. Sir *William Temple*'s Eſſays.

8. *Ovid*'s Epiſtles, Tranſlated by ſeveral Hands, adorned with Cuts.

9. The Works of *Horace*, Tranſlated by Mr. *Creech*, of *Oxford.*

10. The *London-Jilt*; or the Female Cuckolds, a new Novel.